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A FANCIFUL FANCY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY AUGUST BELL.

I have a lover;—a crimson love
Is his,—rose delicate,—
All full of worshipful thought a breath,
With glowing Life elate.

But the rose may fade,—the leaves may fall,—
Or the first wild storm may break
And darken quite the delicate blush
Of this love I must not take!

I have a lover;—a golden love
Made up of starbeam and sun
Is his,—all gold to the very heart,
And I call him my dazzling one.

But that is too bright, too bright for me
Who have wept too deep and long,
To bear such light on my aching eyes,
So clear,—so keen,—so strong!

I have another;—a love cold blue
Like the hue of the cruel steel,—
Shall I clasp a sword to my bleeding heart,
And sing of the bliss I feel?

I have another;—a violet love,
All purpling with passion intense,
Whose warmth and beauty and fragrant breath
Weave charms for my troubled sense.

Oh, passion-tremulous, violet love,
You would wrap me in gorgeous guise,
But I should fade in the tropical heat,
And die of your life-drinking eyes.

I have a lover;—a white, white love,
Mystical, tender and bright,
All hues and all passions commingle to make
One lover whose love is white.

He hath the glow of the crimson love,
Its graceful, worshipful ways,—
He is more bright than a golden love,
With a halo of holier rays.

He can be cold as the blue steel sword,
To the world when it frowneth on me,—
His heart beats high with royaller love
Than mere purple robed passion can be.

White, white, his love enwraps me round,
Pure, pure, his soul meets mine,—
He fills my heart,—oh, happy heart!
And Life has grown divine.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.

On reaching the top of the rock, Clayton had seen all its capabilities at a glance. He saw that there was hardly a possibility of reaching it in the face of an enemy of anything like ordinary vigilance, from any point except the back of the narrow ridge I have already described. This could be barricaded, and *must* be barricaded, or the Tories could come up in full strength and drive them bodily over the face of the precipice. It was a miserably confined place for so many horses to stand, much less manœuvre. Indeed the latter was impossible, as a single false step of one of the upper horses on the dry, slippery grass, might have sent himself and half the others with him, rolling down the steep bluff.

They were arranged, therefore, in as compact order as possible, on the small plateau on the south side of the ridge, and made to lie down, while all hands went to work to pry up such of the smaller boulders as appeared at all manageable, and roll them to a point indicated by Clayton, at about one hundred and fifty feet back from the brow of the rock. He had selected this because he had observed that several large trees stood in a line across it, close enough together to afford a reasonable hope of being able to fill up the spaces between them with stones and logs for a sufficient distance to block up the only avenue of approach.

They had no axes, of course, but several of the men were armed with hatchets and tomahawks; and they set to work to cut down such saplings as were not too large, and laid them along the barricade, interlacing them between the trees; they contrived, finally, to erect a breastwork, which, flimsy as it would have been on open ground, or against artillery, looked as though it would answer its present purpose very well.

The enemy had stationed themselves on the ridge and along the northern bluff, satisfied that no attempt at escape would be made in any other direction, and intending to wait until night before they ventured an attack. They had heard the signal whistles, and the answer from the rock; and knew that help was at hand for the besieged, but had no idea to what extent; they were not aware, of course, of the detachment having been sent off with Jenny and her parents, and supposed that they had the whole force in their clutches; they were greatly puzzled, therefore, by the signals, coming from so many different directions, and the evident understanding between those who made them and the besieged party.

On the other hand, Clayton, satisfied that his message had been received, and that Bettle, with his force, was in the neighborhood, gave himself no farther trouble, but quietly waited, keeping a vigilant watch however, through the rest of the day, prepared to second any plan that Bettle and Frank might adopt.

Night came on without any more signals having been given, but still the handful of men waited patiently around a fire they had built near the breastwork, so as to throw a strong glare of light among the trees on the ridge beyond.

FRANK "CAPTIVATING" BLACK RAWDON.

About an hour after sunset, Barton's ear caught a low whistle proceeding from somewhere about the front of the rock. He answered it softly, and it was repeated in the same tone, followed instantly by the sharp chirp of a katydid.

"That must be Frank," said Barton, rising to go towards the sound. A hand was laid upon his arm.

"Better let me go," said Mahlon Sanford, in a whisper, "does thee see the sky?" pointing overhead to the dense black clouds with which it was covered—"once out o' the firelight, an' thee couldn't see a step before thee; thee'd roll over the edge before thee thought o' bein' near it."

"But why should you go into danger to save me?" said Barton.

"'Cause the troop 'nd git no good by thy goin', and 'nd git some loss if thee tumbled over the rocks in the dark, as thee'd be most sure to do, not knowin' the ground; *I* know every step of it, an' so does Frank, if it's him. Besides, if anybody's to be lost, I can be best spared; boys ain't much 'count, anyhow."

The boy gave this concluding estimate of the value of his branch of the species, not in a whining or sentimental or didactic (at second hand) or misanthropic manner, but in the simplest and most natural way possible, as if it were merely an abstract proposition that had no particular interest for anybody.

Barton was touched by it, but he saw its force, and allowed the boy to pass him, while he followed as well as he could in the darkness which, among the trees, in the shadows of the rocks, and under the cloud covered sky, was intense.

Keeping well to the right, Mahlon felt his way among the stones to where the ground became much broken, but with a general, rapid slope towards the edge. Here he stopped, and waited 'till Barton, who was a few feet behind, came up.

"He's right under that big piece," said the boy, pointing to a large oval mass of stone which stands balanced as it were, on the very edge of the precipice, but which then only looked like a spot of somewhat more intense black in the surrounding darkness; "I know he's right there, but it's so dark there's no telling who's who, an' if we come too near him without lettin' him know who we are, he might shoot, thinkin' we was Tories. Thee knows the signals: I don't: s'pose thee tries 'em."

"I will," said Barton; "I'm not afraid of his shooting at us if it is Frank, but it may be one of the wolves that are lying in wait for us out yonder."

"What will thee do, if it is?" inquired the boy, in the same noiseless whisper in which the whole conversation had been carried on.

"Over!" was the laconic answer, followed by a whistle, clear and distinct, but which would have been inaudible a hundred feet off. An answer came instantly from the very spot Mahlon had indicated.

"So far good," muttered Barton, to himself; "let's see if he'll answer the katydid."

The note was sounded, and was immediately answered by another from the same spot, followed by the shrill twitter of a tree-frog.

"Frank," said Barton, in a low tone, "is that you? It's all right; come out."

"Keep where you are; I'm comin';" said a voice, and then Barton heard footsteps making their way slowly and carefully along the dangerous route, and in half a minute more, Frank was by his side.

"By the hokey!" said the latter, "but that was a climb! It's bad enough in daylight; but such a night as this!—Lookee here! all safe?"

"Yes; not a man lost."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Captain's ear grazed; that's all."

"Hosses up?"

"Yes, just above; where are the boys?"

"Off in the woods yonder, jest across the meadow, an' long Johnny Mac Allan, with his ten double fisted sons, with their rifles."

"Johnny an' his boys?" said Mahlon, joyfully; "are they here? Gosh! but we'll have somethin' like fightin', now!"

The two men and the boy had been making their way back to the fire during this conversation.

"Why, Frank?" said Clayton, as they approached, "how did thee contrive to get up here?"

"Scrambled, somehow," said Frank; "there's a sort o' path up around the big rock that sticks out over the water, but it wouldn't do for anybody to try it at night, unless he knew the ground. But lookee here! that ain't what I come for;" he then told Clayton pretty much the same in substance as he had already told Barton, adding, "Some of us went to Sanford's house, an' found everything just as we left it; so we carried off the muskets an' cattridge boxes the rascals had left there, over to Wood'r't's mill; took all the provisions too; Jim an' Harry's been at the mill all day, runnin' bullets an' makin' cattridges for the carbines an' pistols. Mary an' the old woman's been busy bakin' an' cookin', an' at midnight the scow 'll be down here under the big stone with a load o' provisions an' ammunition, an' feed for the hosses, enough to last a week."

"Then we are safe enough," said Clayton; "they *can't* drive us from here, if we have food and ammunition: and I think it likely, with our force in front, and Bettle with his men to worry them in flank and rear, we may contrive to hold them a little uneasy. I see thee has thy cord with thee."

"Certain!" said Frank; "don't ketch me travellin' without it, nohow."

"Does thee think," said Clayton, dropping his voice so as to be barely audible to Frank, who was sitting close beside him, "does thee think—don't look around yet—thee could find the body that belongs to that head—don't move thine, look out of the corner of thy eye—that is peering above the bank close to that big hickory? The third one from the end of the breast-work."

"Wait," said Frank, in the same tone; "maybe he's heard too much;" and, changing his position slightly, as if to rest himself, he managed to sink lazily into a recumbent position, with his elbow on the ground and his head resting on his hand, with his face turned sufficiently towards the point indicated to allow him to see without the appearance of scrutinizing it particularly. Sure enough, there, right at the base of the tree, and partly hidden by it, was a clump of green leaves, which Frank was certain had not been there when he first came up. A close scrutiny through his half closed lids, showed him a pair of eyes gleaming from under the leaves, in the light of the fire.

Satisfied as to this, Frank then said, in a louder voice,

"I'm goin' to lay down, where the fire won't shine in my face, an' try to get a nap."

So saying, he sauntered off a few feet towards the farther side of the ridge, and lay down behind one of the large fragments of rock near its edge, so as to bring it between himself and the spy, who still maintained his position. The moment he was out of sight, however, he worked his way along close to the ground to the outside of the breastwork, crept along in front of it, and around through the trees so stealthily, that he approached within seven or eight feet of the owner of the head, without being perceived. The latter was lying flat on his face, still absorbed in watching those around the fire.

Stepping lightly from behind the tree which he had last reached, Frank, with about a foot of the cord stretched tightly between his hands, the ends coiled around his wrists and forearms, steadied himself, braced his feet firmly, and then, with a spring as fierce and as noiseless as that of a panther, leaped right on his victim, alighting on all fours with a knee on each side of the unlucky Tory's loins, and the tight cord across the nape of his neck, pinning him down firmly, with his nose flattened against the root over which he had been peeping.

There was not much chance for outcry at best; but Frank put an end to all attempt at it by stooping over his man, still holding the cord firmly down, and hissing in his ear,

"Lookee here! If you make a whisper, if you breathe a loud breath, I'll hang you without a gallows! Raise your head a little. What, you won't! By the hokey! if you make me tell you again, I'll shave it off and pitch it down the bank for your men to play foot ball with. Think I don't know you, Black Rawdon?"

The start the prisoner gave at this question, brought the back of his neck into sharp contact with the point of the knife Frank had drawn, and showed him that his captor was in stern and unmistakable earnest.

Rawdon—for it was the dreaded leader himself—raised his head from the root, and in an instant Frank had encircled his neck with two or three folds of the cord, just tight enough to keep him reminded of the danger of loud talking; and then, bidding him get up, secured his arms with the remainder of the cord as he did so, and led him, grinding his teeth in impotent rage, to where Clayton sat by the fire in that everlasting Quaker calmness of his.

"I've got him, Captain," said Frank; "do you know who he is?"

"No; does thee?"

"*I* reckon," said Frank, laconically; "Black Rawdon."

"Black Rawdon!" exclaimed those who were nearest, pressing around the two men in great curiosity; for the prisoner's name was known and dreaded throughout the whole country side. "Frank's caught Black Rawdon," was buzzed through the whole party, and a half circle of eager faces was formed around the prisoner and Clayton who were regarding each other in silence. At last Clayton spoke:

"Thy fate has overtaken thee at last, friend Rawdon. I have been on the lookout for thee for some time, and thee has put thy neck in my hands with a halter already twisted around it."

"How have I put my neck in your hands!" growled Rawdon.

"By playing the spy," was the answer, in the same grave, impassive tone which always marked Clayton's conversation; "by playing the spy; thee has been taken in the act, and should I have thee thrown headlong from this rock, thee may be very confident that no account will be required at my hands of the manner of thy death."

Rawdon looked at him with an ugly scowl on his swarthy face, mingled with a puzzled expression of countenance at the plain Quaker language in which he was addressed, and growled again,

"Who the devil are you that talk of taking a British officer's life?"

"At present," said Clayton, quietly, "I am thy master; and it will depend a good deal upon thy own behaviour, whether thee finds me a hard one or not. Will thee promise me to sit still and give no trouble if I have thee loosed?"

Rawdon nodded.

"Loose him, Frank," said Clayton, and then added, in a lower voice: "as thee has been thrown into my hands a prisoner, let me advise thee to keep as near to me or Frank—the man that took thee—or Lieutenant Barton here, as possible. There are men in the troop who have sworn to skin thee alive if thee should ever fall into their hands. Thee will see the prudence, therefore, of always keeping us in sight."

Rawdon, who had been glancing uneasily around during these remarks, and had seen more than one pair of eyes watching him with savage eagerness, again nodded sullenly.

Clayton had seen it too; and added—"Thee sees; any attempt at escape, by force or stratagem, and I turn thee over to those who will show thee as much mercy as hungry wolves."

Rawdon seated himself on the ground near Clayton, with his elbows resting on his knees, and his chin buried between his clenched hands, the personification of despair. And well he might; for, at the hands of at least five of those on the rock, he had earned his death three or four times over. *I have neither time nor space nor inclination for any detailed account of this man.* Suffice it to say, two of the five I have mentioned were in his debt, one for a father, and the other for a brother murdered on their own door steps, and of the other three, two for sisters carried off by him, and the other for a bride torn away on her wedding night, and—*well, there is no use in details; there is but one fate for women in the hands of such men as* Black Rawdon and his gang.

Matters remained thus 'till midnight, when a slight tapping as of a hammer on stone was heard from the water's edge.

"There they are" said Frank; and taking two of the men with him, they proceeded to the edge of the rock. A tap from the haft of Frank's knife was answered from below, and he immediately proceeded to make a line by splicing the cords carried by himself and his companions: this done, he crept forward cautiously until his head was over the edge of the precipice, when he lowered the line. It was caught from below, and in a moment more was shaken as a signal to raise it.

The next half hour was spent in bringing up baskets containing quantities of bread and other provisions, cartridges, a huge demijohn of whiskey, with bundles of hay and sacks of oats for the horses, and then the scow was silently poled across the stream, made fast to the large tree which stood close to the bank, and its occupants returned home.

The garrison, if it may be called so, was now provisioned for a week at least.

"Where are thy men?" said Clayton, turning suddenly to his prisoner.

The latter remained in sullen silence.

"Where are thy men?" asked Clayton again, after giving him ample time to answer.

Still silent.

"Frank," said Clayton, "call up four or five of the men and hang him up to that limb above the breastwork."

"All right Captain," said Frank; "I know five of 'em 'nd want no better fun."

Rawdon looked rather aghast at this exceedingly prompt way of doing things, and by the time Frank was on his way back with the men, had come to the sensible conclusion that he would not sacrifice his life for the sake of men who would be far enough from doing anything of the kind for him.

"They are out yonder, among the trees, not fifty yards from your breastwork."

"When will they attack?"

"At three o'clock."

"Without thee to head them?"

"They have orders to wait for me 'till then; if I don't come, then to attack without me, under my first lieutenant."

"How many are there."

Rawdon hesitated—

Clayton repeated his question, calmly, with a glance first at the men who were standing around in grim silence, and then at the tree.

Rawdon then stated his force to be about two hundred; but admitted, in answer to Clayton's questioning, that there were less than a hundred who could be relied upon after the first or second volley. He was evidently pretty well satisfied that if the enemy didn't run by that time *they* would.

This information was given sullenly and reluctantly enough, and not without more than one allusion to the alternative suggested at the beginning of the conference.

"Three o'clock," said Clayton; "it's now one; we'll anticipate them: Lo!" he added, addressing Barton, "put him under strict guard in the rear."

This being done, Barton was at his commander's side again, awaiting orders.

The latter who had been in the meantime consulting with Frank, told him to give the signal to Bettle's party.

At once, the tu-hu-hu-u-u-u of a screech owl quavered dolorously from the rock, and was answered immediately from the woods to the Eastward.

An anxious ten minutes of suspense followed; then the same boding cry arose directly on the line of the ridge, and nearer than before.

The party on the rock were, by this time, all at the breastwork, with carbines, knives and pistols ready.

Frank gave another signal, which was answered from the same direction as the last, but nearer still. At the same moment his ear, which had been all alive, caught the click of a gun-lock just over the bank to the left. He nodded to Clayton, who ordered the prisoner again to be brought before him.

"Thee will give the signal for thy men to attack; and thee will please to understand that if thee gives a false one, or if thee has told me one atom of anything but truth," and he pointed to the tree.

"Oh, yes, I'll give the signal," said Rawdon, who had been looking stealthily around him while Clayton was speaking; he snatched a pistol from the belt of one of the men near him as he spoke, cocked and fired it in an instant, almost in Clayton's face, and then, hurling it at him, went with a furious bound and scramble, right over the breastwork!

The ball, fired hurriedly, missed Clayton, but his face was burnt and blackened by the powder, and he was staggered for a moment. As Rawdon disappeared in front of the breastwork, a shower of balls whistled over his head, all fired, in the surprise, one instant too late.

"After him!" shouted Clayton, as he recovered from the shock, springing forward in time to see Rawdon, about thirty yards off, running down the slope of the ridge, like a deer.

There was a momentary glimpse of this figure bounding along—of a cloud of dusky forms springing into the light to meet him—then the whip-like crack of a single rifle from the left, behind the bank, followed by the reports of seven or eight others in rapid succession; a convulsive spring upwards of the solitary figure which then fell forward upon its face—and a number of figures armed with clubbed rifles leaping up the bank and hurling themselves with wild whoops pell mell among those who had advanced to meet Rawdon. There was no restraining his own men now, even had Clayton wished to; they poured tumultuously over the barricade, and in a moment were all engaged in the hurly-burly of a hand to hand fight, where no man could see his adversary ten feet off.

The Tories, disptrited by the loss of their leader, and taken by surprise by the sudden rush of the Mac Allans (for the rifle shots had come from long Johnny's tribe), were falling back to cover, followed hotly by the latter and by Clayton's men, who were by this time pressing them hard, in spite of their superior numbers. At this moment shots were heard in the rear, and then Bettle's voice in stern, rapid orders as the slender force under his command pressed forward silently, up the ridge.

This new attack upon the rear of the Tories, which was backing down the slope in tolerably good order under the irresistible pressure of the front ranks, which had given way under the sudden, furious rush of the whole body of the Rangers upon them, checked it and drove it forward again upon the front.

Bettle pursued his advantage, throwing himself with his handfull of men, like wild-cats, upon the confused crowd which was now jammed together upon the narrow strip of fighting ground which the rock afforded; Clayton, from above, did the same thing; while the Mac Allans, on the flank, slashed away promiscuously with their tomahawks and clubbed rifles.

The Tories, however, though hemmed in on all sides, recovering a little from their surprise, now began to make their numbers tell. Forming three fronts so as to face all their assailants at once, they were now stubbornly holding their ground, and keeping them at bay. Fortunately for the reinforcement, the darkness prevented the Tories from seeing how scanty it was, while the fury of its attack gave them the impression of a much larger number than it consisted of.

Matters were now becoming serious for the Rangers, when Frank, after a hasty whisper to Clayton, who nodded assent, disappeared in company with Parker, in the direction of the horses. A moment afterwards there was a stir among the latter as they scrambled up to the top of the ridge; then a voice shouting,

"Stand clear, there! Away now!"

The Rangers knew what was coming, and separated instantly; while down the slope, in solid column, swept the riderless horses, like an avalanche, headlong upon the surging mass of the enemy, kicking, striking and biting at everything in their way, and scattering the compact mass of men into fragments, as if a mine had exploded beneath them; while, as

soon as the storm of thundering hoofs had passed between them, the two divisions of the Rangers closed upon their track, and threw themselves upon the disordered crowd more furiously than ever.

Flesh and blood could not stand this; all command was lost, all discipline at an end, and the panic stricken Tories, hemmed in in front and rear, and utterly bewildered by this incomprehensible attack of wild beasts, turned sharp off to the left and dashed headlong down the South slope; with what result, in the dark, I leave any one to judge, who has tried to work his way down it by daylight, with his head cool and plenty of time to look where he was stepping.

A loud whistle from Clayton recalled his men from the pursuit they were recklessly making at the imminent risk of their necks.

Some of Bettle s men had caught the foremost of the horses as they reached them, the rest had stopped at the word of command, and were now quietly returning. This "fighting on their own hook" was one of the out of the way things in Clayton's system of tactics, which had now stood him in good stead.

As they moved back towards the breastwork, Clayton stumbled, in the darkness, over something soft that lay on the ground. A brand was brought from the fire that was still burning, and by its flickering light they turned over the body of a man who was lying face downwards, and saw the coarse black hair and swarthy features of Rawdon, who lay there with his black eyes wide open, glaring upward at the cloudy sky.

"He was a bold, bad man," said Clayton, turning away, "and has gone to his account with a heavy load of sins to answer for."

"He was near going in good company," said Barton, to whom he spoke, dryly; "it isn't often a man gets the smoke of a pistol in his face, without getting its ball too."

CHAPTER X.

I'm tired of all this fighting. Here, for six successive chapters we have never had our nostrils free from the smell of gunpowder. But what could I do? I have undertaken to chronicle the doings of as uneasy and reckless a set of men as ever turned a quiet neighborhood upside down; and I must tell what they *did*, when I had a great deal rather tell what they *ought to have done*.

When morning came, Clayton, having previously made up his mind what to do, called a council of his officers.

This was a "way he had;" it saved a vast deal of trouble in balancing between conflicting opinions, and weighing diverse propositions. His practice was to hear all that was to be said upon the subject, and then to announce his decision.

In the present instance, the majority were decidedly in favor of retreating immediately towards Philadelphia, before the Tories could assemble in force again.

Bettle, anxious about the safety of Jenny Sanford and her parents, urged this course strongly.

Barton, however, argued that being deprived of their leader, it was not likely that they would come to a head again in the neighborhood, particularly as they were necessarily ignorant of the strength, or rather the weakness, of the reinforcements which had come up so opportunely, and, it was most probable, had greatly overrated them; his plan, therefore was, to remain in the strong position they held for a few days, until the men and horses were rested and refreshed.

This happened to be precisely the conclusion to which Clayton had arrived, and he therefore broke up the council by announcing this determination.

This settled, his first movement was to order a detachment to Thomas Sanford's house, to see if the spare horses had been driven off; for, it will be recollected, they had been compelled to leave them in the hurry of the retreat on the previous morning.

They found everything as they had left it, even to the horses of the Tories they had routed on the evening of the eleventh; leaving these and taking their own horses, they returned to the Rock, where, after feeding them, they addressed themselves to making a breakfast of the provisions which had been sent from the mill.

When the meal was finished, all hands were set to work throwing up a breastwork of earth and stones about fifty yards farther back, across the ridge, in order to allow more room. A number of saplings were also cut down with axes which had been brought from the house, cut into lengths, sharpened and planted firmly along the top of the breastwork, forming a very complete chevaux-de-frise.

The post thus fortified, the men spent the balance of the day in absolute rest, no work of any kind being done but the necessary grooming of the horses, preparing the meals, and standing guard; the last, Clayton *never* omitted, anywhere or under any circumstances, by day or by night.

With those exceptions, however, the men did as best pleased them; and that which best pleased the most of them was to go to sleep in the shadows of the rocks and trees, regardless of considerable firing, which appeared to come from the direction of the "Turk."

So the day passed. The demijohn was emptied, and a fearful inroad was made upon the provisions; for having nothing else to do, the men were nibbling nearly all the time they were awake.

Towards evening, or rather as it began to grow dark, old Mac Allan came to take his leave, saying he "reckoned he must sort o' think o' travellin' home, and seein' how the women folks was a-gettin' on, an' what all that firin' havi been about."

"But," said Clayton, "thee don't mean to go to-night, does thee? Better wait 'till morning. There may be some of the Tories prowling about in the neighborhood yet."

"Well, s'posin' ther' is," said the old man, "I reckon I can see 'em as fur as they can see me, anyhow."

"Perhaps so," said Clayton, but that won't do much good, if a dozen or twenty of them should see thee at once."

"Sakes alive, Capt'n," said the old man, "I'd be a mighty poor shote, if I couldn't dodge a dozen Tories in the dark. No fear o' me, at all."

"I suppose, however," continued Clayton, "that thy sons will return with thee, and will make a guard strong enough to protect thee against any party thee's likely to meet."

"I s'pose they won't do any such thing, if you'll let 'em stay," said Mac Allan, very promptly; "I've jest been talkin' to 'em, an' they're all high up for a turn with the troop. I reckon the old woman an' me, with the gals, can take keer o' the cabin."

"I shall certainly be very glad to have ten such men in the troop as thy sons," said Clayton, "but in the present state of affairs, I think it would hardly be right to leave thee with so little defence."

"Hut, tut! don't trouble yourself about that, Capt'n," said the old man, "if we're once inside, with the door barred, there's nothin' 'll git through short of a cannon ball. No, no! the boys is wanted more where they are than at home; so good-night."

And without waiting for an answer, he strode down the ridge, with his rifle on his shoulder, and in a few moments was lost to sight in the woods.

The men had built two or three fires, which with their fitful glare upon the trees and rocks around, gave a wild, wierd look to the scene that would have delighted old Salvator Rosa, could he have seen it. They were gathered around them in groups, and Clayton rising from his seat, made his way to that which contained the ten sons of long Johnny Mac Allan.

Sitting down upon the grass among them, he said to the nearest,

"Thy father tells me, you all wish to remain with the troop; you can all ride, of course."

"Oh, yes," said the other, "we can all ride well enough, a-straddle on a horse's back; but we can't ride on his flank, and under his belly, and out on his tail, or between his ears, like these chaps here. We hain't never larnt to do them things. I reckon we can do the best kind o' fightin' afoot. But if you want fellows that can put a man's eye out as fur as they can see it, or hit a squir'l on the jump with a single ball, we're the ones to do it."

"You know the country well?"

"Every tree, an' fence, an' path; every hill, an' hollow, an' spring, an' run, for five miles 'round."

"That will do; I want just such men as you, for outlyers; you can follow a trail?"

"Like fox hounds; anything like Injin fightin' we're up to!"

"Very good; now, as you are the freshest of the party, I want you to scatter to-night, and try to strike the trail of the Tories we fought last night; bring me word of where they are and what they are doing; also, take your father's house in your round, and see how they are getting along there. This is Seventh day; at this time on Third day evening, I shall expect to see you back; earlier, if you have anything important to tell."

"Come, boys," said the one to whom Clayton had been talking, addressing his brothers, "come *along*; we's got some trail-work to do."

The other nine young giants—the youngest was a lad of not more than perhaps sixteen, but nearly as big as his brothers—arose from their seats around the fire, and, giving themselves a hearty shake, "to settle their supper," as one of them remarked in an explanatory way, and filing out one by one through a narrow opening which had been left on one side of the breastwork, descended the slope in the direction their father had taken, and disappeared in the darkness.

Those on the rock, in the meantime, were occupying themselves according to their respective humors and tastes. Some were cleaning their arms, some lying on the ground asleep, some sitting around a boulder, watching two of their number who were engaged in a quiet game of cards by the light of the fire; for though Clayton and his officers, with their Quaker principles, which, with the exception of fighting, they firmly adhered to, disapproved of such amusements, they had too much sense to attempt enforcing them on their wild followers, beyond a strict and stern prohibition of gambling. Any attempt at this was punished summarily and pitilessly; so much so, that he had never had occasion to administer it but once.

The game to-night had been going on for an hour or so, when one of the players threw down his cards with a look of disgust, exclaiming,

"There! I'm tired of this; you've got all the luck to night, Harry, and I won't play any more; s'pose you sing us that song you made up t'other day, when we were down at Turkey Point."

"How will the Captain take it?" inquired Harry, a young fellow of about twenty-two or three, apparently; rather more refined in his appearance than most of those around him, and the same who had accompanied young Woodward to give the signal of the approach of Bettle, "how will the Captain take it?—Maybe he won't fancy such vanities?"

"Oh, bother!" said the other, "if he's not too much of a Quaker to split a redcoat's head open, as I saw him do with a dragoon at Brandywine, I reckon he ain't too much of one to stand a good song."

"The song, Harry, the song!" echoed those around who had been watching the game; "let's have the song."

"Here goes, then," said Harry, "only you mustn't laugh at it, if it don't turn out as good as Jem seems to think it."

So saying, he broke forth in a clear, singing tenor voice:

Hark! from a roused nation breaking,
Like the roar of a hurricane awaking,
The cry all the broad land shaking,
Columbia shall be free!
Up! you that lie there dreaming,
The first rays of morn are streaming,
Back from our foes arms gleaming,
The foes of Liberty!
Arouse!
For the cry all the land is shaking,
Columbia shall be free!

March on them, shoulder to shoulder,
The Britons in slavery would hold her,
But never chain shall enfold her,
Her sons shall make her free!
No Lion flag long shall hover
The beautiful green land over,
But toil-hardened freemen who love her,
Her masters soon shall be.
Arouse!
For the cry all the land is shaking,
Columbia shall be free!

Loudly the bugles are pealing,
And morn'S faint light o'er us stealing,
The stars on our flag is revealing,
The stars of Liberty!
Strike while that flag floats o'er us,
Strike till the foe flies before us,
Shout till the sky rings in chorus,
Our country shall be free!
Hurrah!
Shout till the sky rings in chorus,
Our country shall be free!

The song was sung to a wild, stirring air, to which, perhaps, more than to any merit in the words themselves, was owing the enthusiastic applause with which it was greeted.

"Dandy Harry sings like a lark; don't he, Frank?" said one of those who were seated by another fire a few feet off.

"H-m-m-p," grunted Frank, "never heard a lark sing such booktionary words as them. Lookee here! what's the use o' squawkin up here like a crow on top of a hick'ry tree, to tell every body where we are."

"Oh! you be durned, you cussed old growler; what hurt could his singin' do, that our fires hain't done long ago. I don't b'lieve you keer about hearin' any music but an owl's or an Injin whoop. Harry's got a voice like a meadow-lark, or a nightingale.

"Well, maybe he has," said Frank, stretching his arms above his head and yawning fearfully, "maybe he has; I never heered a night-what-ye-call-'em; I'v heered a night-*hawk* many a time, an' it ain't like *that*."

To tell the truth, Frank was wofully deficient in what is called musical "ear," and had, in a high degree of perfection, that so-called "practical" turn of mind, that could see little use or beauty in anything that couldn't be made to pay in some fashion or other.

Harry Darlington, who had got his nickname of "Dandy" from a little more fastidiousness about his dress and equipments than was altogether fashionable in the troop, and from a certain indefinable picturesqueness in his dress and manner which were natural to him, and betrayed a poetic and artistic character of mind, which would have been of more use to him in some other situation than the present, was, nevertheless, entirely wanting in the most distinguishing characteristics of the animal whose name he bore; he had not a particle of its affectation, he had none of its dawdling indolence and indifference, but was as quick as a steel trap, always ready for action, and was one of the bravest, and, where recklessness was of any use, one of the most reckless fighters in the troop. In person though tall, he was slender almost to delicacy, with small hands and feet; his hair was light and wavy, and his skin, in spite of the exposed life he was leading, was almost as fair, and his blue eyes, when in repose, as mild as a *girl's*. He was the only one of the whole troop whose appearance could be called effeminate, and yet, he was one that none who knew him cared to anger; for within that slender frame were muscles like catgut, and beneath that mild, gentle exterior, were hidden the fire and resistless energy of a steam engine.

He was good humored, however, and merely laughed at Frank's grumbling depreciation of his musical powers, which he had overheard.

"Well," said he, "I'm about sleepy enough to turn in; pull the curtains, will you, Jemmy, and tuck in the sheets," he added as he threw himself down upon the dew-laden grass, with his blanket rolled up for a pillow: "oh, dear! I wonder what my fidgetty old aunty would say, if she could see me; the last thing she said to me, was, 'Now, Harry, whatever thee does, be sure and always have plenty of bed clothes, and mind, don't let the night air blow on thee.' I'm afraid this mattress is a little damp, draw the curtains, Jemmy, and tuck me in."

The rest of the men soon followed Harry's example, and in a few minutes more all were asleep, in a silence which was broken only by the trumpeting of one or two inveterate snorers, the measured tramp of the sentinels, and the occasional restless movements of some of the horses.

Just before dawn, Bettle was startled from his sleep by a voice crying, "William! William! save me." The voice was Jenny Sanford's! He heard it, and recognized it as plainly and distinctly as he had ever heard it when talking to her, face to face, though now it was full of the sharpness of agonized fear.

Springing to his feet with a bound, he listened with painful intensity for a repetition of the cry. But he heard it no more: and all around was still except the slight sounds mentioned before. Gradually, as he looked around him, recovering his faculties which, except the single one of listening, had been, for the moment, set utterly adrift and wool-gathering by his startling awakening, Bettle stood, with his heart beating violently from the sudden reaction of his excitement.

"I wonder if that *was* a dream," he muttered to himself, "it was fearfully like reality; I could have sworn that I heard her call me; Sam Diller," he added, stepping over to the sentry who was nearest him, "has anything been stirring?"

"Nothin' at all, sir; hardly a leaf turned, it's been so still."

"You haven't heard anything, then?"

"No, sir; leastways, nothin' but Jemmy Wood'r't an' Sanford's Mike over there, tryin' which can snore the loudest; did you hear anything, sir?"

"No, I suppose not; it must have been a dream; I thought I heard a voice in the woods below."

"Them dreams is queer things," said the sentry, pacing up and down his short beat, with Bettle, who was too thoroughly excited to go to go sleep again, pacing beside him, "queer things they are, an' no mistake. I've had 'em of all kinds; knocks at my door and my name called, and never a mortal hand or voice to give knock or call; I've been chased by Injins, an' could run like a rabbit, 'til I come to one big buttonball tree—always the same one—an' then it appeared like I couldn't lift my feet off the ground, an' jist as they was a-goin' to skelp me I'd git awake; an' often an' often I've found myself at a huskin' or quiltin' frolic or an' apple parin' bee, in a room full o' gals, with nothin' on but my shirt, savin' your presence, an' my breeches a mile off at hum, an' sich a time as I—hark!"

Sure enough! High and clear, piercing the calm morning air, this time, with unmistakeable and terrible distinctness, rang a woman's voice from the woods at the foot of the ridge shrieking for "Help! Help! Help!"

"By the Lord Harry!" exclaimed Diller, throwing down his carbine and springing like a cat to the top of the breastwork, "that's old Sanford's daughter; I know the voice."

Bettle was beside him in an instant, and again the cry came up.

"Stand fast here, Sam, while I rouse some of the men," said Bettle, hurriedly: and springing down again, he darted to where Frank had been lying, but found him already on his feet awakened by the voice. Frank's faculties were always on the alert, and, no matter how sudden or startling might be his arousing, he always knew exactly where he was, and what he was doing. He had already roused the men nearest him, and was just saying to Clayton, who was also on his feet—"By the hokey, Capt'n, that was Jenny Sanford as sure as death!"—when Bettle rushed to the group, exclaiming, "Follow, quick! All the boys you can gather, Frank!" and turning about, sprang towards the opening in the breastwork, with Frank and some half-dozen of the men close behind him, and darted at full run down the ridge in the direction whence the alarm had come. The bustle had awakened the rest of the man, who, comprehending that there had been an alarm of some kind, but ignorant of what it was, were hurriedly attempting to get their horses saddled, when the calm voice of Clayton, whose coolness all the excitement had not disturbed, was heard.

"Let the horses be; there's no time to get them ready. John," turning to the elder Sanford, "we heard thy sister's voice in the woods calling for help; Levi, take thy division; Wheeler, thine, and follow; the rest stand fast."

John Sanford ground something very much like an oath between his teeth, Quaker though he was, as Clayton spoke to him, and was out through the opening with Barton and his division before the whole order had passed Clayton's lips. Harry, the minstrel, and Mahlon Sanford had gone before, without waiting for any orders, clearing the breastwork, stakes and all, side by side, at a flying leap, like two panthers.

"Sentries to your posts!" exclaimed Clayton, sharply, observing that they had forsaken them to crowd forward to the breastwork, "who ordered you to leave them? Diller, stay up where thee is, and keep eyes and ears open. Some of you go now and saddle the horses and have them ready."

These orders having been promptly obeyed, Clayton sat calmly down upon a stone to await the result.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ PLEA OF NOT GUILTY.—Lord Brougham has introduced a bill, providing that a party arraigned should be asked, not whether he is guilty or not guilty, but whether he desires to be tried upon the indictment, or is willing to be convicted on his own confession.

☞ "What have you to remark, madam, about my singing?" "Nothing, sir; it is not remarkable."

☞ A punster passing by the shop of Mr. Taswell, observed that his name would be *Aswell* without the T.

☞ In what two cases are precisely the same means used for directly opposite purposes? Why, bars, to be sure. They are put on bank windows to keep thieves out, and on jail windows to keep them in.

☞ A Scotch lass thus described her mistress's ways and domestic habits with her household: "She's vicious upo' the wark; but, eh! she's vary mysterious on the victualling."

☞ Rev. T. W. Higginson defines mince pie as "very white and indigestible upon the top, very moist and indigestible at the bottom, with *untold horrors* between."

☞ A wife's farewell to her husband every morning—"Buy and buy."

☞ We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of *craft* upon the land as there is upon the water.

☞ Don't locate yourself on the back of a wild horse unless you want to be *dislocated*.

☞ It is no uncommon thing that hot words produce a coolness.

☞ A stitch in the side, taken in time, may save nine spasms.

☞ Chess play often ends as sword play always begins—with a draw.

☞ Every husband thinks that he can tame a shrew except the poor fellow that has her.

☞ It is very well for little children to be lambs, but a very bad thing for them to grow up sheep.

☞ If a man is insane upon the subject of money, is his disease monomania, or money-mania?

☞ When men and women get very old, they are generally, for the best of reasons, in no danger of having their misdeeds thrown in their teeth.

☞ The triumph of woman lies, not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

☞ Good dinners have a harmonising influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered by a table cloth.

☞ A California letter writer says: "When a sick Indian is given over by the Medicine Man they proceed to bury him at once. It's no use to make a fuss about it—they're bound to sod him. On one occasion they took an old chap out and buried him in spite of his struggles, and left him. The next morning Mr. Indian appeared again. He had scratched out, and at last accounts was as good as new."

☞ "Mary, my love," said a not very attentive husband to his wife, at the dinner-table, "shall I help you to a piece of the heart?" "I believe," said she, "that a *piece of a heart* was all that I ever got." There was a commotion among the dishes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

THE TERMS of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST, - -	5,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *sixty, thirteen*, or twenty names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to every subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.—We conclude in the present number, this powerful and deeply interesting story. We think our readers will admit that it is all that we described it to be, when announcing it for publication. The author is now engaged on another story for THE POST, which we are in weekly expectation of receiving.

SOME RECENT POETRY.

We think that every judicious friend of Mrs. Browning, must regret the publication of certain recent poetical productions of hers, in eulogy of Louis Napoleon. We have no very high admiration, as a general thing, of the class of female politicians—and Mrs. Browning's judgments are calculated to confirm us even more strongly in our "anti-progressive" and "woman's peculiar sphere" principles.—*That a woman of her brilliant intellect should* be dazzled by mere success, and misled by mere sounding professions, into the championship of a man beneath whose iron sway no opposing thought is tolerated, unless it is dungeoned in the silence of the thinker's breast, and who has regularly broken behind him every liberal promise upon which he mounted to power, is a fact not peculiarly calculated to awaken in us a sense of "woman's political mission."

For one thing, however, we must confess our thankfulness. Mrs. Browning, with all her willingness, or perhaps more correctly, *wilfulness*—has not been able to bring her high genius unfalteringly to the support of falsehood and tyranny. Her poetical power—as if conscious that poetry has always been the natural ally of truth and freedom—seems to labor and falter in its efforts to throw a halo of glory around the head of the most unscrupulous ruler, and probably one of the most unscrupulous *men*, in Europe. Read the following, for instance:—

"He holds that, consenting or dissident,
Nations must move with the time;
Assumes that crime with a precedent
Doubles the guilt of the crime;
Denies that a slaver's bond,
Or a treaty signed by knaves
(Quorum magna pars and beyond
Was one of an honest name)
Gives an inexpugnable claim
To abolishing men into slaves.
Emperor
Evermore.

"He will not swagger nor boast
Of his country's needs, in a tone
Miscalling a great man most
If such should speak of his own;
Nor will he act, on her side,
From motives baser, indeed,
Than a man of a noble pride
Can avow for himself at need;
Never for lucre or laurels,
Or custom, though such should be rife,
Adapting the smaller morals
To measure the larger life.
He, though the merchants persuade,
And the soldiers are eager for strife,
Finds not his country in quarrels
Only to find her in trade,—
While still he accords her such honor
As never to flinch for her sake
Where men put service upon her,
Found heavy to undertake
And scarcely like to be paid:
Believing a nation may act
Unselfishly—shiver a lance
(As the least of her sons may, in fact)
And not for a cause of finance.
Emperor
Evermore."

An uphill work, the above justification seems to be—as if the muse were conscious of a bad cause, and wished to be done with it. A bad cause indeed. Let us repeat the justification:—"Nations must move with the time!" We suppose that France, when liberty of speech and of the press was abolished, and the Republican President became, through force of his soldiery, the Absolute Emperor, was simply "moving with the time," according to Mrs. Browning! A "slaver's bond," or "a treaty," may not give an "*inexpugnable*" claim "to abolish (French)men into slaves," but a soldier's bayonet, if Mrs. Browning be correct, is a claim perfectly "*inexpugnable*."

If Louis Napoleon, according to our posters, does not "swagger" or "boast"—who does? Certainly he has done far more that is open to such a charge than any other ruler in Europe. And as to acting not for "laurels" or "laurels"—but "unselfishly" shivering his lance—surely Mrs. Browning must have written that when the rumor relative to the proposed annexation of Savoy and Nice was denounced as a base slander upon the magnanimity of the French Emperor.

But the greatest defects of Mrs. Browning, as of other eulogists of Louis Napoleon, seem to be simply a weakness of memory, and an inability to see more than a single object. By looking steadily at Italy alone, and forgetting all the past, they manage to surround Louis Napoleon with the attributes of a Liberator and a Hero. France, with freedom of speech and of the press under the iron heel of a despot, they cannot see. France, liable at any moment to be plunged into the most sanguinary and expensive war, without the consent of her people being even asked is entirely out of the range of their vision. England—which, if the French Emperor had his way, would enjoy as little freedom of speech as France, and would not many months longer be a refuge for European exiles—also is hidden from their view. Italy is all they can behold—and even of Italy, Savoy and Nice are beheld with exceeding dimness, and are rapidly fading into total obscurity.

But time, in the cases of these unfortunate gentlemen and ladies, may work one of its natural miracles some day. A sudden clap of unexpected political thunder, a rapid plunge into an unexpected political cold bath, may restore them, one of these years, to the full enjoyment of all their faculties. They may then be able to remember the early as well as the latter days of Louis Napoleon's reign, and be competent to perceive and sympathize with prostrate Frenchmen, as well as with prostrate Italians. Whether the tidings that Switzerland was occupied by French armies, would work any such miracle as we have described, is doubtful;—but certainly the news that a private citizen whose first name was Louis, had just made his escape to England under the assumed cognomen of Jones, and was

Emperor
Nevermore,

would at once restore all such apologists to the entire command of their faculties. Then they would be able to remember a certain thinness in the old ring of this Louis-d'or, and a certain brassenness in its appearance, which "always" left a doubt in their minds whether it was not a counterfeit!

THE AMERICAN SADDLE.

The Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley, in a recent number of his experiences, published in the *London Field*, describes the "American saddle" as follows:—

I also had to procure for my own immediate use two saddles, made on the English principle, and a double rein or curb and snaffle bridle, and, much to the astonishment of the best tradesman in St. Louis, had an opportunity of ridiculing the American saddle, which is at least a hundred years behind the modern or English improvement, and of laughing at the huge upstanding crutch, which rises perpendicularly from the pommel, of course for the purpose of holding on by in an unseating difficulty. This crutch insures as well the great probability of the death of an unseated rider, in the event of his horse throwing a somersault and falling on him. No unlikely thing, I thought, to happen to horse and rider on coming into the holes of a prairie-dog town, partially concealed by long grass. Of all the unsightly, hideous, and dangerous things on a saddle, this excrescence is the worst. It is as large as one of the crutches to a lady's side-saddle, only straight, and must be fatal to the life of a man in such a fall as I have referred to. The American saddle is also high behind, but it has not flaps like those of the English make, and when I got into one I felt just as if I sat on a deal board, with the bowsprit of a ship ready to rip up the buttons of my waistcoat, or penetrate my waist to the impossible arrangement of any future dinners.

It is evident to me, by the make of their saddle-flaps and the length of the stirrups in which they ride, trying in an ungraceful way but just to touch the coalbox-looking or clog-like thing called a stirrup at the end of the leathers, that most of the horsemen in the United States *wish* to hold on by the calves of the legs (or where their calves ought to be,) and that they take no grasp with the knee and thigh whatever—the pommel crutch being regarded by them as the hold to be relied on in a difficulty. Though I searched the shops in St. Louis, I could find no copy of an English saddle with spring bars, such as we have in our hunting saddles. That safe, improved, and handy invention for quickly slipping out the stirrups for cleaning has never been adopted in the United States. In saddlery and the art of riding, in those regions visited by me, they are, as I said before, a hundred years behind us. They have but one class of single bit generally in use; they tie down the heads of their horses on all occasions (whether the carriage of the head needs it or not,) with martingales, and always strangle them to a considerable extent by buckling up the throatlash to the very highest and tightest hole to which it can be made to attain. As to driving, somehow or other they guide their horses (though to an English eye in a spread eagle like and most unseemly way) safely enough to where they wish to go, and on many occasions dispense with winkers. Their horses and mules are generally very docile; and on one occasion, in St. Louis, and in the possession of my friend Dr. Pope, there was a favorite horse of his that could be left in the street with his gig or cab without any attendant, and who would, when he saw his master coming, turn himself off at an angle to open out the step for his more easy ascent into the carriage. He would also take his carriage from the house-door to his stable on being told to do so. I observed in the streets in all the towns through which my journey laid, that the horses of America were most sensible and obedient to the voice of their drivers, though, with the exception of some gentlemen who spoke kindly, the words addressed to them by the lower orders were of the coarsest and most brutal description. The sort of horse thus brought within my observation, for both riding and driving, could scarce be surpassed in England.

America is a large place—even applying the term only to the United States—we would respectfully inform Mr. Berkeley. We have lived some time in it, considerably longer than our honorable English visitor remained here, and yet we have no recollection of ever seeing the kind of article that he describes as the "American" saddle. We do not positively know what the English saddle is, but we

judge, from the allusions to it in the above, that it is very much like the saddle we have been accustomed to seeing all our life. What Mr. Berkeley means by the "coal-box or clog-like thing called a stirrup," we cannot imagine. Our ladies ride with a slipper, but the gentlemen always use a stirrup, generally plated, sometimes brass. We also, in and around Philadelphia, generally ride with the two reins and bits, the curb and the snaffle. It may be that at St. Louis was originally settled by the French, many of the people still use the old French saddle and stirrups—or, more probably still, the saddle described is the Mexican saddle, brought into use in Missouri by the traders to Santa Fe.

Mr. Berkeley probably would avoid numerous blunders in his notes, if he would remember that the United States has been settled by English, Irish, French, Dutch, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Chinese, Africans, and a sprinkling of all other nations; and that, therefore, a sta ement may be strictly true of a certain district, and a gross error as applied to the country at large. Even in a small country like England, it would be ridiculous for a traveller to speak of certain local customs or modes of speech as if they were necessarily common to the whole people—and America is a greatly larger, and, besides, a newly-settled country.

There is a current anecdote this side of the Atlantic, that an European traveller who was passing at the usual railroad speed through the State of New Jersey, happened to see two red-headed women at the door of a tavern.—Straightway he pulled out his note book, and entered upon one of its leaves, that *all* the women in the State of New Jersey had red hair! Does Mr. Berkeley see the application?

Is This Poetry?—We find the following poetical extract in an article upon the English volunteers:—

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies;
Now thrive the armorers, and honor's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man;
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse.

* * * * * * *

For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilt unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets.

* * * * * * *

The French, advised by good intelligence,
Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear, and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.

Do our readers consider those last four lines poetry? And do five in five hundred know who wrote them?

The Quaker Dialect?—There is one great peculiarity in the story of "The Quaker Partisans," now being published in The Post—the Quaker dialect, as spoken in Pennsylvania, is there given with perfect accuracy. We have seen a number of fictions in which the members of the Society of Friends were made to speak, but never one before this, if we remember rightly, in which their peculiar dialect was correctly imitated. The "Quakers" of Pennsylvania speak *exactly* as the author of the "Partisans" represents. As a general thing, every Quaker laughs at the Quaker-talk in books, as it is so amusingly inaccurate.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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The Bible and Social Reform; or, The Scriptures as a Means of Civilization. By R. H. Tyler, A. M. Published by James Challen & Son, Philadelphia.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Paris, March 22, 1860.

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

"Wholesale judgments," it has been truly remarked, "are unjust;" for, as no rule can be stated, in human language at least, without being liable to exceptions, so no formula can be made to express the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, respecting even an individual character, and still less respecting a nation. And yet, as each individual has a character more or less distinctly marked, so has each nation; and our everyday convictions endorse the fact, so universally asserted, that, provided we keep clear of dogmatizing and of absolutism, the average opinion of the world with regard both to individuals and to nations is generally not very far from the truth. A broad generality whose triteness is perhaps the best proof of its correctness, and into which my pen has been drawn by certain musings upon character in general, and French character in particular, suggested to the mind of your correspondent by various little episodes of existence in Paris which have occurred from time to time within the sphere of my personal observation.

FRENCH VIRTUES.

No one can live in this brilliant capital, and make an intimate acquaintance with its inhabitants, without being forcibly impressed with the vivacity, elasticity, cleverness, and tastefulness of themselves and their works. The streets are as lively and amusing as a show; the white houses seem made only for sunshine; the magnificent buildings have the coquettish air of stone that is consciously "looking its best;" the gardens are models of tasteful elegance and neatness: the shops, as everybody knows, are unrivalled in their seductive "effects;" and the people are so quick, so jaunty, so wide-awake, and under no matter what emergency, never at a loss, but like springs pressed down, and ready to go off, and always in exactly the right direction, and doing exactly the right thing.

THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL.

Unhappily for themselves and for the world, there is a reverse to this bright medal. Beneath the lively and graceful exterior, there is too often a hard, impenetrable selfishness, all the more unpleasant for the varnish of politeness which it underlies; with all this cleverness a want of practicability, a resting in petty details, equally surprising and provoking; with the volubility of ready talk on things at hand, an annoying ignorance of everything beyond the immediate sphere of the talker, and, in general, of everything out of France; an utter skepticism in regard to the more serious aspects and interests of existence; together with an obtuseness of perception in respect to the "minor moralities" of delicacy and decency, which must be seen to be believed, and a seeming absence of the very knowledge of the existence of the "major moralities" of truthfulness, honesty, family affection, and patriotism, such as could hardly be paralleled among any other "civilized" people. To this statement of the prevailing tone of French society there are, of course, many exceptions; the external decencies are less openly violated by the aristocracy; the *bourgeois*, as a rule, loves his children, and endeavors to promote their happiness in his own; the *ouvrier* is less selfish, less mercenary, and often more honorable and honest than the aristocrat or the *bourgeois*. But anything like conjugal trust or affection, the love of truth, or the reverence and practice of goodness for its own sake, is well-nigh unknown among all classes of Frenchmen. Exceptions undoubtedly are to be met with, but they are so few that, after living for a dozen years in this country, and with every disposition to judge kindly and justly of its people, you may tell off all such exceptions on your fingers.

The general poverty of the people, combined with their love of show and pleasure, has a very corrupting effect on them. Trade, enterprise, commerce, having hitherto been so cramped by the antiquated domestic system of the country, there has been a lack of room for the satisfaction of the legitimate needs of the people; while the temptations to luxury and emulation have been increasing yearly. Moreover, though the system of primogeniture and entail is open to many weighty objections, the system of subdivision of land and other property, in vogue here, exercises indubitably a mischievous effect. The land is ill-cultivated, because cultivated on too small a scale, and by people who are too poor to do their work well; there is no class whose fixed and stable interests are indissolubly connected with agricultural progress, and who serve as a steady centre and basis amid the fluctuations to which the rest of the nation is exposed. Add to all this the virtual extinction of the religious element, and you arrive at a state of things certainly not promising for the future of any people, but which is, unfortunately, that of the vast majority of Frenchmen.

FRENCH WANT OF VERACITY.

The unconsciousness of any radical difference between Truth and Falsehood, and the utter hollowness of the conjugal relation, are the two most striking features of French life at present. And to such a pass have things come here with regard to these two points, that the French can hardly be said to sin against the ideal of the noble virtues of truthfulness and conjugal honor, but rather to have so entirely lost this ideal that they sin against them unwittingly, naturally as it were, and as a matter of course. So habitual is lying that no one ever believes his neighbor to be speaking the truth. If you make a statement to a Frenchman, in little matters as in large ones, he looks only to what he conceives to be the probabilities of the case, and believes or disbelieves you accordingly; your assertion, *per se*, has no weight soever with him. And as to the union of married people, as far as my own observation has extended, through a period of many years, I certainly have never seen half a-dozen families, the heads of which could be cited as apparently entertaining any cordial affection for each other; while any one who has spent even a few years here, could easily count up a formidable list of families in which the reverse is notoriously the case.

ONE INSTANCE.

Not long since I was at the house of some friends, the husband being an Inspector of one of the principal lines of railway. "I have a very disagreeable duty to perform to-morrow," remarked M. B——. "One of the subordinates on our line has laid a complaint, perfectly well-founded, I believe, against one of his superiors, whose conduct, in the matter complained of, has been very bad. I am obliged to go to ——— to proceed to an investigation of the matter; but, being quite aware already, of the nature of the case, and knowing that it is the superior who is really in the wrong, it is very disagreeable to have to pronounce against a poor devil who has been in no way to blame."

"But what do you mean?" I demanded of M. B———, never dreaming, in my innocence, of an Inspector going off on such an errand with any other desire than to learn the truth of the case, and act accordingly; "you say the inferior official is in the right, and that the superior is in the wrong. How, then, should the innocent man be exposed to a blame which he does not deserve?"

"The man is undoubtedly innocent, and the superior is as undoubtedly in the wrong," replied M. B———; "but do you not see that all idea of subordination—without which a great industrial affair like the working of a railway, could never be kept going—would be at an end if we allowed it to be possible for an inferior *employe* to be in the right in a contest with his superior? The hierarchy must be sustained, no matter how; and my business to-morrow will be to hear the evidence, and so to turn the affair as to put the inferior *employe* evidently in the wrong. We must maintain the hierarchy. You see that every thing would be at sixes and sevens without the hierarchy."

"But what you propose to do is simply abominable," said I. "No hierarchical considerations should screen a man who has done wrong; on the contrary, the higher his position, the worse is his wrong-doing. And how can you have the heart to give a verdict against a man whom you know to be in the right?—What will your verdict amount to?"

"To a public blame, and probably the infliction of a fine, which, however, I shall take care to make as light as I can. And by and by, when the thing has blown over, we shall manage to make it up to the poor fellow in some roundabout way or other; *now* we must maintain order, though it is a most disagreeable conjuncture, and the thought of my morrow's work really annoys me very much. But it can't be helped. It is a duty, and I must discharge it as well as I can. As to the superior, when the sentence has been passed on the other, I shall take him in hand, in private, and I promise you he will find himself pretty roughly handled; and we shall certainly 'pinch' him as soon as an opportunity offers. But, meantime, the hierarchy must be maintained."

Now, this gentleman is a remarkably good specimen of a Frenchman; kindly, intelligent, and theoretically disliking lying, which is more than can be said of many of his countrymen. Yet he had so little perception of the relative value of Truth and "Hierarchy," that he was not only unconscious that he was proposing to commit a bad action, but actually believed that he was making, at the call of duty, a laudable sacrifice of his own individual reluctance to sacrifice an innocent man!

ANOTHER CASE.

Dining a week or two ago at a house where the parents talk a good deal to their only child about the necessity of his speaking the truth, and where I knew that the little fellow, about eight years old, had been whipped in the course of the day for having told an untruth, the father remarked, in the child's presence, that he had taken him to see some friends at Enghien the preceding Sunday, "and as Jean is growing so fast," added the father, "I fully expected to have been made to pay full fare for him; but I put a bold face on the matter, and declared so positively that he was under five, that I got him in at half price, though I could see the ticket-master looked at me very suspiciously. At least, this time, Jean had the grace to hold his tongue, and not to proclaim his real age, as he did a year ago, when his mother was trying to take him with her at half price to Versailles."

"Yes," remarked the mother, "I remember the circumstance very well, and how provoked I was with him for putting me into such a ridiculous position. But children are always so anxious to be taken for even older than they are, that his vanity could not endure the idea of being made to appear younger; though he knows I have repeatedly told him to keep quiet, and not to take upon himself to contradict statements made by elder persons in his presence."

"Poor little French children!" I could not help exclaiming; "people expect you to speak the truth, and whip you for not doing so, when they set you such examples!"

My friends looked a little silly at this exclamation, but tried to invent some fine-spun theory about the difference between a child's stating what he knew to be untrue, and grown people—who know what they were doing, and had a motive for doing it, and who made a statement for some reason of which they were the best judges; to which the child—a fine intelligent little fellow, who would be honest enough if his parents set him the example—sat and listened, and from which he drew, no doubt, his own conclusions.

A SINGULAR VIEW.

A lady whom I know, a woman of talent, and the only Frenchwoman of my acquaintance who never told me a lie, has forbidden her servants to employ the little lying allocutions so common here, as, for instance, to say that she is out when she is at home, insisting on their saying, when such is the case, that she is particularly engaged, and unable to be seen. Another lady, on hearing of this order, expressed, in my hearing, the strongest disapprobation of such a course.

"It is a most insolent and disgusting piece of assumption," said she, "for Madame C——— to take upon herself to refuse to see people in such a manner; she has no right to set herself up as being better than her neighbors; why can't she let her servants say she is out, like everybody else, when she is unable to receive? I never heard of a more gross, unfeeling, and wanton disregard of the most evident requirements of politeness and civility."

But I might cite cases to prove the habitual falsehood of French conversation until my letter covered the entire surface of The Post. Friends, tradespeople, servants, every creature you have any dealing with, lie without the slightest scruple. Not that they launch out into the perpetration of any very enormous invention; these lies being for the most part things about small, daily matters, and intended mainly to make things "smooth" and "pleasant." Not unseldom the little falsehoods are perfectly transparent; they are employed as a matter of habit, almost without any expectation that they will be believed. But in this way everything like conscientious and honorable feeling in regard to veracity is utterly destroyed; and no one has confidence in his neighbor's word, for every one knows how worthless is his own. It is therefore not surprising that the French should be, as in fact they are, the most suspicious people under the sun.

FRENCH MARRIAGES.

Their marital relations are in just as unsatisfatory a condition; indeed, it has come to be received, almost as an axiom, that affection is impossible between married people. Instead of criticising their peculiar way of contracting matrimony, by which a couple of strangers are first of all tied together for life, and then left to find out whether they can like one another or not, they assume that, because people so tied together usually come ere long to think one another detestable, the married state is naturally and necessarily "the tomb of love." I have never yet heard a Frenchman speak of matrimony as anything else than a necessary nuisance; even the few whom alone I could cite as being tolerably happy with their wives, look upon their cases as exceptions to the rule, and themselves as the subjects of a lucky chance, as rare as fortunate. And even in these fortunate cases, I should judge that the tie between the parties was rather one of mutual kindness, forbearance, and a certain sense of duty, than of any deep preference, or affection properly so called.

A FRENCH VIEW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

The most truthful, upright, and honest Frenchman I have ever known, a literary man of some note, a bachelor, in independent circumstances, and famed for his love of England and the English, declares that he utterly disbelieves in the possibility of any woman's really loving any man. A few evenings since, recurring to this favorite theme, the gentleman in question, fortified his statement not only by arguments drawn from the irregular lives, selfishness, and physical and moral "ugliness" of which he regards his own sex as being the embodiment, but by the experience of all the married couples he has ever known.

"Women are so different from us, so much more beautifully made, and delicately organized, they are capable of so much generous devotion, and do such an infinity of kindness and good to us from the cradle to the grave," argued M. D———, "that it is quite [illegible] and that we should even occasionally (but only occasionally) love them very deeply. But men are selfish and detestable towards women; receiving everything, and giving nothing, or very little, in return; moreover, the lower order of attraction which draws all male animals towards the other sex, being *nil* in these latter, it is an evident and natural impossibility that women should love men. Women want protection and help from man, and is often grateful to the man who offers his stronger nature as the support of her weaker one; ambition, vanity, habit, the need of pecuniary help, all concur to make a woman accept the husband who has flattered her self-love by singling her out from the rest of her sex; but though she may marry him, and do her duty to him and to her children in the most sublime and perfect manner, it is impossible she should *love* anything so unloveable as a man. I have known a great number of wives who have been models of devotion and excellence as wives and mothers; who spent their lives, literally, in promoting the happiness and comfort of their husband and children; but not one have I ever known who did not, if left a widow, feel that her husband's death was really a relief; and not one do I know, who does not look forward with patient aspiration to the time when her own husband shall die, and she shall be thus relieved of the perpetual burden of his presence and his claims on her good offices. The man is generally very sorry to be left a widower; the house goes wrong, the children are at sixes and sevens; his clothes, meals, habits, and whatever else goes to make up his daily life, are all in confusion. And he may well be sorry, for the wife is of the utmost use in a house; but as to a wife's regretting her husband, the thing is simply impossible. A husband is of no use whatever, he is merely egotistical, exacting, jealous, disagreeable, and detestable, and the very best woman, no matter how generously she may have done her duty by him during his life, cannot be otherwise than glad to be quit of him when he is dead."

The conversation of which this profession of faith was the pith, was carried on between M. D——— and a party of English ladies, who, of course, did not fail to keep up a running commentary of opposition, from an English point of view, to the views of conjugal possibilities thus set forth; but neither the merriment called forth by some of M. D———'s statements, nor the graver denials opposed to others, had the slightest effect on the Frenchman's mind. And the greater number of his countrymen would probably not hesitate to endorse his views, which, in the main, are such as I have repeatedly heard expressed by Frenchmen of more than average intelligence and good faith. On repeating the conversation, a few days afterwards, to a French lady of considerable experience, and very considerable intelligence, she remarked:

"M. D——— is quite correct in his judgment of married life in France; and it is indubitable that the only tolerable life for a woman in this country, is that of a widow. An unmarried woman is a cypher; a wife, if she try to do her duty to her husband and her children, is a mere upper servant, a household fixture, a victim, or a slave; but a widow possesses a defined position, definite rights, generally money, and the fullest possible liberty.—A widow's existence is really the only tolerable one for a woman in France; and is, indeed, a very enviable one. M. D——— perhaps goes a little too far in saying that all wives "aspire" to become widows; but he is quite correct in saying that widowhood is our only chance of a decently satisfactory existence, and that, when we become widows, it is impossible for us to regret the change."

What will be the future of a people among whom the two virtues which, more than any other, may be assumed as lying at the very foundation of individual nobility and social worth, have so completely died out?

QUANTUM.

GADALL GLEANINGS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

How Aunt Scranton Regards Venetian Blinds.

Ain't you glad we've got Vernitian blinds to our 'us, Sook? They give a residence sich a nair of gentility. They're so convenient, too—Vernitian blinds is. We can see up an' down, an' across the street so complete, an' nobody can't see us. Next to sewin' societies, Vernitian blinds is the gretest constitution of the day.

Speakin' of sewin' societies—oh, I was talkin' of Vernitian blinds, warn't I? Wall, now, don't you b'lieve, Sook, 't I was a settin' right here last night an' peekin' out o' the blinds jest this way, when lo! an' behold! who should I see a comin' down the street together, arm in arm, as lovin' as two mice, but that are everlastin' old maid, Dorothy Randall, an' old 'Squire Wilcox, him 't's lately lost his wife an' come into Gadall to look for a new one. I told you that was what he come for, didn't I, Sook? Tell ye, I can see as far through a millstone as anybody. But lor sakes! who'd a thought o' his takin' to old maid Dorothy? There's enough sight likelier women in town, yis, an' younger ones, too, 't he might a lit upon without takin' *her*. Men don't show no sense at all in pickin' out wives. They're sure to go through 'n through the woods an' come out with a crooked stick—every soul of 'em! I never knew it to fail. An' then to see what a pesky hurry they're always in to git married again, the minit the coffin lid's screwed down over their dead wife's faces! It beats all nater, I declare it's shameful! Now that old 'Squire Wilcox! His wife hain't ben ded—wall—it's consider'ble short of a year, I'm thinkin', an' he's rid over the hull town eenajest, huntin' up widders an' old maids, tryin' to find somebody 't would be fool enough to have him. Why in nater he hain't found nobody long afore this time's more 'n *I* can tell. But you see he eyther meant to have somebody 't was rich or young, that is—young *for him*. Only to think of his askin' old Dorothy Randall to marry him! Goodness gracious! Wouldn't I like to be a mouse in the corner an' hear what he had to say? Guess he had to hoist some. Old *Dorothy's as deaf as an adder. I know jest as well 's I want to that 'll be a match though*; mark my word on't, Sook.

Good land o' Goshen, Sook, ef there ain't Miss Popple a goin' up street agin, as true's I live! Now that makes jest eight times 't she's went back 'n forth by here, to-day, percisely, an' it's only nine o'clock 'n forty minutes by Malerky's watch. Somethin' or 'nother's in the wind, *that's so*. What can it be! Miss Popple'n gone a shoppin' I hain't a mortal doubt. Wonder what on airth she's goin' to buy? I declare I've a gret mind to put on my things, an' go up street myself. I think 'twould kinder do me good to take the mornin' air. What's that? "you wouldn't foller up folks to find out business 't don't belong to you?" Wall, now, Sook, I think you *be* a 'tendin' to business 't don't belong to ye in good airnest. I'll thank you jest to tend to your own affairs, an' keep your advice 'till it's axed fur. You're gittin' to be altogether too sassy to be 'durable. Ahem! I declare, my snuff's most clean gone. I shall have to go up street an' git some more. Le' me see, what time's it gittin' to be by Malerky's watch? 'Leven minutes o' ten! Wall, I won't go quite yit. I must see 't Bridget Jane gits that puddin' on for dinner fust. Bridget Jane! Bridget J-a-n-e!

Wall, you're here at last! You *be* the 'tarnallest long time a' comin'! Hev you got the milk on scaldin' fur that puddin? You have! An' the 'lasses measured out, an' the egg beat? Mind, it don't take but one egg, d'ye hear? An' it must be well beat, an' not put in 'till you've cooled down the scalded milk, an' meal, and water. "You know it all?" Yis, an' you 'tarnally *did* know it all! Wall, hev you got the breakfast things washed up, an' the sass washed, an' the 'taters peeled fur dinner? Have, eh? Declare! I don't b'leve you half done it. Did you peel the turnups dry, an' git 'em all plastered over with dirt? Yis, I'll warrant you did! Now hain't I told you more 'n a thousand times, to allers peel 'em in worm water? Wall, g'long an' scrape 'em all over clean! every single soul of 'em, an' wash em over agin in tew waters. Thece dirty, good-for-nothing Irish gals! They're enough to wear out the patience o' Job.

Lor! there's Miss Popple comin' down street agin. Declare for 't. I was jest a goin' to put my things on to go up street arter some snuff. Wall, I guess I won't go now. I must say, Sook, I don't see what Miss Popple can be goin' up an' down street so much for. I can't see no need of it at all. What? "The street's fur anybody to walk in?" Don't care of it is. There ain't no need o' abusin' the privilege! But, lor sakes, what's Miss Popple got in them bundles? Le' me come quick, Sook. I can see furder down street from that winder—turn the blind a leetle—there—so! La she's got one, two, three, four—all o' *four* great bundles, on her arm, an' a little one a stickin' out o' her redicule. She's been out a shoppin', Sook, sure as you live! Yis, *Miss Popple's been out a shoppin'!!*

Open the blind a leetle bit—stop—here—let me. Shaw, Sook! don't I know nothin'? There can't nobody see me with the blinds so near shut. I wish I knew what Miss Popple's ben a buyin'—I *do* wish I did. She keeps everything so despert close. I love to find out things 't she does, jest a purpose to plague her. There's somethin' red a stickin' out o' the biggest bundle. I'll wager a leather sixpence it's red merseuer fur to make Anner Felishear Popple a new dress. Yis, Anner Felishear Popple's a goin to hev a bran new fire red merseuer dress now, you may depend on't.—There! Miss Popple'n gone into Miss Whittlesey's dressmaker's shop, this very minute!—Don't that show 't I'm good for guessin'?

What, Sook? "Guessin' ain't knowin'?" Yis, 'tis, sometimes; leastwise when *I* guess. 'Tain't everybody 't's so cute 's I be t'be sure. When I set to exercisin' my Yankee faokerity, the truth has to come out. But I *must* run straight over to Miss Whittlesey's an' see ef it really is a merseuer dress 't Anner Felishear's got. I wonder how sho'll have it made? I wonder ef she'll have pergody sleeves, an' I wonder ef 't'll be buttoned up in front?—"You don't keer what she has?" Wall, now, I must say *I* do. S'poses' Anner Felishear should dress better 'n you at the school break? Wouldn't you feel bad? "Not very?" Wall, all I've got to say is, you're a mighty curi's sort of gal. I wish you was different, Sook, I *do*. I can't take no comfort with you; you don't take arter none o' my sort o' folks, an' never did. Now, there's Malerky, he's a little more to my mind. He ain't 'tarnally fetchin' me up with onmannerly looks an' dry speeches, like you be, Sook. "Have I got over my hurry to see Anner Felishear Popple's new dress?" No, indeed, I *hain't!* But I kinder took a second thought, an' come to the conclusion in my own mind to wait till they got fairly to work, 'cause they *might* hustle the things out o' sight if they was to see me a comin'. Sich a thing wouldn't be onpossible, an' I wouldn't miss o' seein' them air new things o' Miss Popple's fur an int'rest in Goshen. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised ef Miss Popple'd got a new dress tew. She's fur everlastinly havin' somethin' new 'n grand—somethin't nobody else don't never have. An' Anner Felishear, she sets up fur sich a wonderful gret lady. Them Popples is allers a stretchin' their necks above other folks, tryin' to make out 'at their better flesh'n blood 'n common people. Now, there's Charity Ann Popple, Miss Popple's husband's sister—she's jest the meanest meddler in other folks' matters 't ever trod shoe leather, I du despise meddlers, an' I ll allers try to come up with 'em ef I can.

Now, ef that ain't provokin'! Don't you think, Sook, Miss Popple looked up this way—she was a settin' by the winder a fussin' on somethin'—an' all at once she looked up an' kinder started back, an' said somethin' to Miss Whittlesey, an' then Miss Whittlesey come to the winder an' let down the curtin! That's downright mean o' Miss Popple to be a suspectin' people o' pryin' into what don't consarn 'em. I've got Vernitian blinds to look through, an' it's none o' Miss Popple's business, nor Miss Whittlesey's business, no, nor nobody's else's business nyther, ef I *du* look through 'em. Ef *they* hadn't been peepin' they wouldn't a seen *me*; an' they hain't no business surmisin' what I am up to. But I don't *keer a snap! I'll be up to 'em, see ef I don't*, Sook.

Bridget Jane! Bridget J-a-n-e! You fetch me my yaller ringerlet, an' my woostid shawl, an' put my rubbers on fur me—it's kinder damp from that heavy shower last night—an' you, Bridget Jane, git my knittin' work. Wall, heve you properly cleaned them turnups? How's that puddin' doin'? "Fastrate!" Wall, I s'pose I must take your word for't. I hain't time to go 'n look at it now. Sook, you'd better have an eye to that puddin'. You take keer, Bridget Jane, an' not let it spile. Ef you du, you'll wish you hadn't, now I bid ye. There, now, I guess I'll be off. This knittin' work's jest the thing to take abroad. Keeps a body's fingers busy, an' makes 'em seem 's ef they was workin', an' gives 'em the use o' their eyes, *free gratis for nothin'*. Now, won't I ketch Miss Popple nappin'? *Won't I fix her*, though?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Colored View of Amalgamation.—It will be remembered that a week or two since we gave an account of the troubles and trials of Mrs. Akers, the white wife of a colored barber of this city. Her picture of "speckled marriage" was anything but an inviting one. We have since heard the other side of the question, and have been treated to a colored view of amalgamation. Mr. James Akers, the "united" husband of the complaining wife, has given us his account of the marriage and subsequent wedded bliss. He says she went to a party on purpose to meet him, and the result was that he was "cussed fool enough to marry her." The wedded life was anything but happy, and Akers mentions a number of instances which proves clearly that he was not alone in fault—in fact that—like a certain other personage—he is not so black as painted. Jim says he has quit drinking and white wives, so that he is now in the proper path to secure public confidence.

On the question of amalgamation Akers is emphatic in his opinions. He declares it to be the "cussedest thing for the colored man that ever could happen." There is no peace or happiness at home, for either side, and there is no society for them beyond their doors. The colored people turn against their ambitious brother, and the white people consider that the woman has disgraced herself. He says he never knew a single case where such a speckled union did not breed misery.—*Cleveland (Ohio) Herald.*

Poisoned Perfumes.—A Paris correspondent of the New York Daily Times says that the police of Paris have been for some months engaged in the examination of a variety of falsifications, and among the rest that of perfumery. Several actresses have been suffering from the effects of poison absorbed from the face, without suspecting that their sufferings came from this source. The quantity of corrosive sublimate, arsenic, verdigris, vitriol, and other poisonous substances daily absorbed in Paris must in effect be immense, and the reform did not commence too soon. The investigation was instigated by an actress of the Varieties Theatre against a perfumer for damages for indisposition attributed to his cosmetics. At the same time the Academy of Sciences is occupying itself with the question of matches, and the reform necessary in their mode of fabrication. Several deaths from poisoning in the use of these agents directed this learned body to the subject.

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

XII.—CHATTERING HOPES AND ADVICES.

The sick man to his advisers.

"My advisers! Their name is legion. * * Somehow or other, it seems a provision of the universal destinies, that every man, woman, and child should consider him, her, or itself privileged especially to advise me. Why? That is precisely what I want to know." And this is what I have to say to them. I have been advised to go to every place extant in and out of England—to take every kind of exercise by every kind of cart, carriage—yes, and even swing (!) and dumb-bell (!) in existence; to imbibe *every* different kind of stimulus that ever has been invented. And this when those *best* fitted to know, viz.: medical men, after long and close attendance, had declared any journey out of the question, had prohibited any kind of motion whatever, had closely laid down the diet and drink. What would my advisers say, were they the medical attendants, and I the patient left their advice, and took the casual adviser's? But the singularity in Legion's mind is this: it never occurs to him that everybody else is doing the same thing, and that *I* the patient *must* perforce say, in sheer self-defence, like Rosalind, "I could not do with all."

CHATTERING HOPES THE BANE OF THE SICK.—"Chattering Hopes" may seem an odd heading. But I really believe there is scarcely a greater worry which invalids have to endure than the incurable hopes of their friends. There is no one practice against which I can speak more strongly from actual personal experience, wide and long, of its effects during sickness observed both upon others and upon myself. I would appeal most seriously to all friends, visitors, and attendants of the sick to leave off this practice of attempting to "cheer" the sick by making light of their danger and by exaggerating their probabilities of recovery.

Far more now than formerly does the medical attendant tell the truth to the sick who are really desirous to hear it about their own state.

How intense is the folly, then, to say the least of it, of the *friend*, be he even a medical man, who thinks that his opinion, given after cursory observation, will weigh with the patient, against the opinion of the medical attendant, given, perhaps, after years of observation, after using every help to diagnosis afforded by the stethescope, the examination of pulse, tongue, &c.; and certainly after much more observation than the friend can possibly have had.

Supposing the patient to be possessed of common sense—how can the "favorable" opinion, if it is to be called an opinion at all, of the casual visitor "cheer" him—when different from that of the experienced attendant? Unquestionably the latter may, and often does, turn out to be wrong. But which is most likely to be wrong?

PATIENT DOES NOT WANT TO TALK OF HIMSELF.—*The fact is*, that the *patient** is not "cheered" at all by these well-meaning, most tiresome friends. On the contrary, he is depressed and wearied. If, on the one hand, he exerts himself to tell each successive member of this too numerous conspiracy, whose name is legion, why he does not think as they do—in what respect he is worse—what symptoms exist that they know nothing of—he is fatigued instead of "cheered," and his attention is fixed upon himself. In general, patients who are really ill, do not want to talk about themselves. Hypochondriacs do, but again I say we are not on the subject of hypochondriacs.

ASKED CONSOLATIONS PUT FORTH FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SICK.—If, on the other hand, and which is much more frequently the case, the patient says nothing, but the Shakspearian "Oh!" "Ah!" "Go to!" and "In good sooth!" in order to escape from the conversation about himself the sooner, he is depressed by want of sympathy. He feels isolated in the midst of friends. He feels what a convenience it would be, if there were any single persons to whom he could speak simply and openly, without pulling the string upon himself of this shower-bath of silly hopes and encouragements; to whom he could express his wishes and directions without that person persisting in saying, "I hope that it will please God yet to give you twenty years," or "You have a long life of activity before you." How often we see at the end of biographies or of cases recorded in medical papers, "after a long illness A. died rather suddenly," or, "unexpectedly both to himself and to others." "Unexpectedly" to others, perhaps, who did not see, because they did not look; but by no means "unexpectedly to himself," as I feel entitled to believe, both from the internal evidence in such stories, and from watching similar cases; there was every reason to expect that A. would die, and he knew it; but he found it useless to insist upon his own knowledge to his friends.

In these remarks I am alluding neither to acute cases, which terminate rapidly, nor to "nervous" cases.

By the first much interest in their own danger is very rarely felt. In writings of fiction, whether novels or biographies, these death-beds are generally depicted as almost seraphic in lucidity of intelligence. Sadly large has been my experience in death-beds, and I can only say that I have seldom or never seen such. Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state.

The "nervous" case, on the other hand, delights in figuring to himself and others a fictitious danger.

But the long chronic case, who knows too well himself, and who has been told by his physician that he will never enter active life again, who feels that every month he has to give up something he could do the month before—oh! spare such sufferers your chattering hopes. You do not know how you worry and weary them. Such real sufferers cannot bear to talk of themselves, still less to hope for what they cannot at all expect.

So also as to all the advice showered so profusely upon such sick, to leave off some occupation, to try some other doctor, some other house, climate, pill, powder, or specific; I say nothing of the inconsistency—for these advisers are sure to be the same persons who exhorted the sick man not to believe his own doctor's prognostics, because "doctors are always mistaken," but to believe some other doctor, because "this doctor is always right." Sure also are these advisers to be the persons to bring the sick man fresh occupation, while exhorting him to leave his own.

WONDERFUL PRESCRIPTION OF THE ADVISERS OF THE SICK.—Wonderful is the face with which friends, lay and medical, will come in and worry the patient with recommendations to do something or other, having just as little knowledge as to its being feasible, or even safe for him, as if they were to recommend a man to take exercise, not knowing he had broken his leg. What would the friend say, if *he* were the medical attendant, and if the patient, because some *other* friend had come in, because somebody, anybody, nobody, had recommended something, anything, nothing, were to disregard *his* orders, and take that other body's recommendation? But people never think of this.

ADVISERS THE SAME NOW AS TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—A celebrated historical personage has related the commonplaces which, when on the eve of executing a remarkable resolution, were showered in nearly the same words by every one around, successively, for a period of six months. To these the personage states that it was found least trouble always to reply the same thing, viz.: that it could not be supposed that such a resolution had been taken without sufficient previous consideration. To patients enduring every day for years from *every friend or acquaintance, either by letter or viva voce*, some torment of this kind, I would suggest the same answer. It would, indeed, be spared, if such friends and acquaintances would but consider for one moment, that it is probable the patient has heard such advice at least fifty times before, and that, had it been practicable, it would have been practised long ago. But of such consideration there appears to be no chance. Strange, though true, that people should be just the same in these things as they were a few hundred years ago!

To me these commonplaces, leaving their smear upon the cheerful, single-hearted, constant devotion to duty, which is so often seen in the decline of such sufferers, recall the slimy trail left by the snail on the sunny southern garden-wall loaded with fruit.

MOCKERY OF THE ADVICE GIVING TO SICK.—No mockery in the world is so hollow as the advice showered upon the sick. It is of no use for the sick to say anything, for what the adviser wants is, *not* to know the truth about the state of the patient, but to turn whatever the sick may say to the support of his own argument, set forth, it must be repeated, without any inquiry whatever into the patient's real condition. "But it would be impertinent or indecent in me to make such an inquiry," says the adviser. True; and how much more impertinent is it to give your advice when you can know nothing about the truth, and admit you could not inquire into it.

To nurses I say—these are the visitors who do your patient harm. When you hear him told:—1. That he has nothing the matter with him, and that he wants cheering. 2. That he is committing suicide, and that he wants preventing. 3. That he is the tool of somebody who makes use of him for a purpose. 4. That he will listen to nobody, but is obstinately bent upon his own way; and 5. That he ought to be called to a sense of duty, and is flying in the face of Providence; then know that your patient is receiving all the injury that he can receive from a visitor.

How little the real sufferings of illness are known or understood. How little does any one in good health fancy him or even *herself* into the life of a sick person.

MEANS OF GIVING PLEASURE TO THE SICK.—Do you, who are about the sick, or who visit the sick, try and give them pleasure, remember to tell them what will do so. How often in such visits the sick person has to do the whole conversation, exerting his own imagination and memory, while you would take the visitor, absorbed in his own anxieties, making no effort of memory or imagination, for the sick person. "Oh! my dear, I have so much to think of, I really quite forget to tell him that; besides, I thought he would know it," says the visitor to another friend. How could "he know it!" Depend upon it, the people who say this are really those who have little "to think of." There are many burthened with business who always manage to keep a pigeon-hole in their minds, full of things to tell the "invalid."

I do not say, don't tell him your anxieties—I believe it is good for him and good for you too; but if you tell him what is anxious, surely you can remember to tell him what is pleasant too.

A sick person does so enjoy hearing good news:—for instance, of a love and courtship, while in progress to a good ending. If you tell him only when the marriage takes place, he loses half the pleasure, which God knows he has little enough of; and ten to one but you have told him of some love-making with a bad ending.

A sick person also intensely enjoys hearing of any *material* good, any positive or practical success of the right. He has so much of books and fiction, of principles, and precepts, and theories; do, instead of advising him with advice he has heard at least fifty times before, tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded practically,—it is like a day's health to him.*

You have no idea what the craving of sick with undiminished power of thinking, but little power of doing, is to hear of good practical action, when they can no longer partake in it.

Do observe these things with the sick. Do remember how their life is to them disappointed and incomplete. You see them lying there with miserable disappointments, from which they can have no escape but death, and you can't remember to tell them of what would give them so much pleasure, or at least an hour's variety.

They don't want you to be lachrymose and whining with them, they like you to be fresh and active and interested, but they cannot bear absence of mind, and they are so tired of the advice and preaching they receive from everybody, no matter whom it is, they see.

There is no better society than babies and sick people for one another. Of course you must manage this so that neither shall suffer from it, which is perfectly possible. If you think the "air of the sick room" bad for the baby, why it is bad for the invalid, too, and, therefore, you will of course correct it for both. It freshens up a sick person's whole mental atmosphere to see "the baby." And a very young child, if unspoiled, will generally adapt itself wonderfully to the ways of a sick person, if the time they spend together is not too long.

If you knew how unreasonably sick people suffer from reasonable causes of distress, you would take more pains about all these things. An infant laid upon the sick bed will do the sick person, thus suffering, more good than all your logic. A piece of good news will do the same. Perhaps you are afraid of "disturbing" him. You say there is no comfort for his present cause of affliction. It is perfectly reasonable. The distinction is this: if he is obliged to act, do not "disturb" him with another subject of thought just yet; help him to do what he wants to do; but if he *has* done this, or if nothing can be done, then "disturb" him by all means. You will relieve, more effectually, unreasonable suffering from reasonable causes by telling him "the news," showing him "the baby," or giving him something new to think of or to look at than by all the logic in the world.

It has been very justly said that the sick are like children in this, that there is no *proportion in events* to them. Now it is your business as their visitor to restore this right proportion for them—to show them what the rest of the world is doing. How can they find it out otherwise? You will find them far more open to conviction than children in this. And you will find that their unreasonable intensity of suffering from unkindness, from want of sympathy, &c., will disappear with their freshened interest in the big world's events. But then you must be able to give them *real* interests, not gossip.

NOTE.—There are two classes of patients which are unfortunately becoming more common every day, especially among women of the richer orders, to whom all these remarks are pre-eminently inapplicable. 1. Those who make health an excuse for doing nothing, and at the same time allege that the being able to do nothing is their only grief. 2.—Those who have brought upon themselves ill-health by over-pursuit of amusement, which they and their friends have most unhappily called intellectual activity. I scarcely know a greater injury that can be inflicted than the advice too often given to the first class to "vegetate"—or than the admiration too often bestowed on the latter class for "pluck."

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* There are, of course, cases, as in first confinements, when an assurance from the doctor or experienced nurse to the frightened suffering woman that there is nothing unusual in her case, that she has nothing to fear but a few hours' pain, may cheer her most effectually. This is advice of quite another order. It is the advice of experience to utter inexperience. But the advice we have been referring to is the advice of inexperience to bitter experience; and, in general, amounts to nothing more than this, that you think *I* shall recover from consumption because somebody knows somebody somewhere who has recovered from fever.

I have heard a doctor condemned whose patient did not, alas! recover, because another doctor's patient of a *different* sex, of a *different* age, recovered from a *different* disease, in a *different* place. Yes, this is really true. If people who make these comparisons did but know (only they do not care to know), the care and preciseness with which such comparisons require to be made, (and are made,) in order to be of any value whatever, they would spare their tongues. In comparing the deaths of one hospital with those of another, any statistics are justly considered absolutely valueless which do not give the ages, the sexes, and the diseases of all the cases. It does not seem necessary to mention this. It does not seem necessary to say that there can be no comparison between old men with dropsies and young women with consumptions. Yet the cleverest men and the cleverest women are often heard making such comparisons, ignoring entirely sex, age, disease, place—in fact, *all* the conditions essential to the question. It is the merest *gossip*.

* A small pet animal is often an excellent companion for the sick, for long chronic cases especially. A pet bird in a cage is sometimes the only pleasure of an invalid confined for years to the same room. If he can feed and clean the animal himself, he ought always to be encouraged to do so.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DECIDING A CASE.—A farmer called at the house of a lawyer to consult him professionally. "Is t' squeer at home?" he inquired of the lawyer's wife. He was answered negatively. After a moment's hesitation a thought relieved him. "Mebby yerself can gi' me information as well as t' squeer, as ye're his wife?" The kind lady promised to do so if she found it in her power, and the other proceeded as follows: "Speake you were an old white mear, an' I should borry ye to gwang to mill, with grist on yer back, an' we should get no farder than Snair Hill, when all at once ye should back up, and rear up and pitch and kneel down backwards and break your darned old neck, who'd pay for ye? Not I—darn me if I would." The lady smilingly told him, as she closed the door, that as he had himself settled the case, advice would be superfluous.

CAUTIOUS MEN.—Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you stand with them. Your conversation falls into their mind, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were re-loading.

REST.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Because we toil and suffer from our birth,
Since Adam's sentence cursed offending earth,
Therefore, through every change, life's pilgrim knows
His watchword of best comfort is *repose*.

Rest for the weary heart and weeping eyes—
From careless labor, and from careful sighs:
Rest even from joy: let joy's wild tumult cease,
And lull the aching gladness into peace!

Yes, when prophetic musing soars away,
Wing'd like the dove, to realms of brighter day,
When our strained senses, from this dim world driven,
Strive to imagine an all-perfect heaven—

The heart still haunted by that human thirst,
That baffled wish, so long, so vainly nursed,
Dreams what this earth denied, at length possest,
And calls the heavenly joy ETERNAL REST.

A PLEA FOR MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—A mother may love her daughter very dearly, and yet be proud and happy to see her married. After the marriage is over, the love is not suddenly extinguished. She longs to see again the girl who has breakfasted with her for perhaps twenty years, whom she has comforted in a thousand childish griefs, who, a few months ago, used to be wrapped up in devotion to her parents. The daughter, however, is full of her new whiskered toy, and half begins to think mamma a bore. The son-in-law knows she is an awful bore on the authority of the sixty last novels he has read. It never occurs to him to think how dreadful a bore he must have been to his mother-in-law when he was engaged. A few years later he will perhaps realize the nuisance of having a strange man privileged to be one of your family, to have a room appropriated to his fondnesses, and to stay two weeks or four, exactly as he likes. However, a bridegroom thinks the universe constructed for him, and when the mother-in-law arrives he is filled with honest indignation. Loving her daughter, she cannot help coming, and, being a woman, she cannot when left alone with another woman, help talking on household matters. As she has had twenty years' experience of housekeeping, and her daughter about twenty days, she naturally gives advice, and as the servants of brides are apt to be independent and fractious, she is apt to see her orders carried out. In due time the baby comes, and then the mother-in-law gives fresh offence. She is proud of the baby, and longs to see it properly taken care of. But the happy couple often receive her attentions with coolness, and aver that mamma thinks no one can take charge of a baby but herself. The nurse, who wishes to tyrannize over the young mother, prudently aggravates this feeling, and before long grandmamma is given to understand that the baby is not hers. Being themselves in the heyday of youth and health, the husband and the wife cannot understand the feelings of elderly people to their grandchildren. *They never think that the old days are brought back—that there seems one gleam of youth shining between them and the dreary grave—that a fresh hold of the slippery earth appears to be gained by the advent of a new generation of their race when grandparents fold the little one to their breast.* The youth of their own young children, the happy days of early marriage, seem scarcely over while they look on an infant that in a measure belongs to them. No wonder, therefore, that they sometimes wish to keep the little treasure more than its own parents, puffed up with the importance of their new duties, and hardened by their unbroken happiness, are inclined to allow.

THE ANDAMAN SAVAGES.—So healthy and strong are the females of the Andaman savages, in the island of that name in the Bay of Bengal, that the day after childbirth they are able to accompany the troop on foot, as usual. The new-born babe is drenched in cold fresh water, and its wet body dried by the hand, heated over a fire, quickly and gently. Any woman who is suckling, takes the new born child for a day or two, and feeds it. The child remains without any covering whatever, like the parents, unless it rains, when a few leaves are sewn, with rattan for thread, and placed around it. Before young ladies marry, they are considered to be common property among both married and single Andamen; but when they have husbands, they henceforth behave themselves with the greatest propriety; even widows are never known to smile upon the male sex again. Doodnath Tewarry, judging by his own height, which is five feet nine and a-half inches, conjectures the native males to be about five feet five inches, and the females five feet two inches; nor did he ever meet with any one so tall as himself. The men and women are so alike in feature, that from the face alone their sex cannot be determined; but they are both what would be considered in Hindustan (says the ungallant sepoy) exceedingly ugly.

FEMALE EDUCATION.—The education of our girls has the great fault of being too entirely objective. We fill a child with governess facts, novel fancies, display accomplishments. We make no attempt at forming character, reforming temper, breaking up the fallow ground of selfishness, or breaking down the rocky walls of vanity. We fashion our toy for the marriage mart, and, as soon as settlements are drawn, those gildings of accomplishments rub off, and our May Day Queen of should-be-gingerbread is revealed a nefarious piece of castplaister. "Strong-minded women" have come to be a proverb of terror only because *wrong*-minded women have usurped the better name; but "weak-minded women," I wot, are the truer terror to possible husbands, who have begun to find out that pampered susceptibilities, excitable tempers, inordinate attachments to dress, prejudices, follies and vanities with the usual amount of knowledge of crochet and ignorance of cookery, exacting jealousies and contrivances, are not entirely the component parts of that rare blessing—a good wife.—*Rides and Reveries of Miss Smith.*

☞ There is a firm in Boston who rejoice in the names of Salmon and Ham.

VENTILATE THE SHOP.

Few things are more insidiously undermining the constitution and vital stamina of many "young people" than the want of shop-ventilation, particularly in the evening, when the gas is lighted.

There are many trades, the occupation in which is very light, and requires little or no exertion. Stationers, fancy wool, top shops, and the like, nearly all keep their doors closed "because it is so cold;" the result is that the burning gas vitiates the air in the shop; and the assistants inhaling this, the circulation of the blood is lowered, and the outward cold is felt all the more. Again, there are some shops the contents of which naturally yield emanations of an unhealthy kind when a free current of air is excluded. Who, for instance, can go into a shoe shop, the doors of which are kept closed, without at once being conscious of the unpleasant odor of old and new leather? The same may be said of a ready-made clothes depot; the peculiar odor of the cloth and fustian, the burnt gas, and the confined breath of the people serving therein, make it exceeding disagreeable to a stranger on entering out of the fresh air. If a remark be made by a purchaser that the shop "smells close," the assistant is almost sure to reply that "they don't notice it." What, however, they do notice, is headache, languor, loss of appetite, ennui, debility, pallor of the face, blotchy skin, redness of the nose, white face. All unheeded warnings to ventilate the dwelling-place, which if not attended to, produce worse results.

Many drapers' shops are badly ventilated; some, where they drive a good trade, have been enlarged by the addition of neighboring houses, all the fireplaces have been removed, and but one or two entrances are left to the whole building. There are on the other hand many trades where the door is always open; the result is that all engaged in it are healthy, and never complain of being cold. Look at the butcher-boy, blooming and healthy; furniture-dealers, tavern-keepers, and many other occupations are, as a general rule healthy, because of the free ventilation of the shops or places of trade.

The nose is the gate to the lungs, and whatever is indicative of unpleasantness is unhealthful, and should be shut out. Instead of closing the doors to keep the shop warm, it is better, if the cold is severe, to wear warmer under-clothing—half-gloves, thick stockings, warm jackets, and woolly neckerchiefs. In winter, dress accordingly in warm clothes, and plenty of them. Arising from well-known causes, cold air, particularly fresh air, warms the person that breathes it more than warm air. It is proverbial that persons sitting quietly in a room "feel a draught" from every cranny. "The key-hole blows enough to turn a mill;" though they "creep into the fire," and roast themselves, they have always one side cold; yet a little exertion in fresh open air would put them into a glow.

As gas burns, and people breathe, water is produced and exhaled; if this steam has been condensed on the inside of windows, you may be sure the shop wants ventilation. Dust of every kind should also be avoided with scrupulous care. Every morning when the shop is dusted, doors and skylights should always be wide open so as to clear away the dust as it flies about. *It avails but little to dust without getting rid of it out of the premises;* to make a dust with a brush in one place for it to settle in another, is labor in vain. Persons who take a morning or evening draught of dust are sure to be troubled with air-tube complaints. This, then, is another reason for ventilating the shop.

THE FAMILY.

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover, that
Protective duty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair,
But Time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust:
Oh, break it not, lest all the leaves
Shall scatter and be lost.

MULES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—One of the most striking characteristics of the mule is his aversion to the ass, and the pride he takes in his relationship to the horse; which instincts are met by obtrusiveness in the ass, and by indifference in the horse. If an ass at any time—urged by the vanity peculiar to its race as related to the mule—happens to fall in with a drove of mules, he will, in all probability, be kicked and lamed by his proud relatives. A horse, on the contrary, takes a distinguished position in a drove of the mules. The latter crowd around him, and follow his movements, exhibiting a violent jealousy, each trying to stand nearest to their highbred relative. The instinct is employed to keep together the droves of mules, on a journey or at pasture, by putting a mare to the drove, with a bell round her neck, and called the bell-mare. This animal is led day and night by a cord, and the whole drove is thus kept under control, and will not leave their queen. It is, therefore, very difficult to separate the drove. The man who leads the mare is instructed, in the case of an attack from the Indians, to leap upon the back of the animal, and take refuge in the wagon encampment, whither the drove is sure to follow him. Even if the Indians succeed in separating any from the drove, they find it difficult to carry them off. The animals incessantly attempt to turn back, and the travellers are thus enabled to overtake the robbers, and recover the stolen animals. The Indians, in consequence, use every means to get possession of the mare; and if they succeed in this, the whole drove is lost to the owners. If several horses are in a drove of mules, the danger is that the latter becomes dispersed; and this is the reason that, in these journeys, saddle horses are not allowed to go loose, but are led by a cord.—*Frobel.*

☞ Platt, of the Knickerbocker Press, getting desperate at the ladies, bids them "do their d—l—vinest."

A PERSECUTED PRIEST.

A capital story is told by the author of the article in the Civilta Cattolica, which, even were it not told on such respectable authority, bears its truth on the face of it. As very frequently happens, a poor *bottegaio*, or shop-keeper in Italy, being hard driven by his creditors, went to his priest, *an uomo apostolico*, and prayed him earnestly to give him three numbers to play in the lottery. "But how, under heaven," says the innocent priest, "has it ever got into your head that I can know the numbers which are to leave in the lottery?" "*Eh! Padre mio*, what will it cost you?" was the answer. "Just look at me and my wretched family; if we do not pay our rent on Saturday, out we go into the street. There is nothing left but the lottery, and you can give us the three numbers that will set all right." "Oh, there you are again! I am ready to do all I can to assist you, but this matter of the lottery is impossible; and I must say that your folly in supposing I can give you the three lucky numbers, does little credit to your brains." "Oh, no, no! do not say so, *Padre mio*. Give me a *terno*. It will be like rain in May, or cheese on my maccaroni. On my word of honor I'll keep it secret. *Via!* You, so good and charitable, cannot refuse me the three numbers. Pray content me this once." *Caro mio!* I will give you a rule for always being content:—Avoid Sin, think often on Death, and behave so as to deserve Paradise—and so"—. "*Basta! basta! Padre mio.* That's enough. Thanks! thanks! God will reward you." And, making a profound reverence, off the *bottegaio* rushes to his house. There he takes down the "Libro del Segni," calls into consultation his wife and children, and, after a long and earnest discussion and study, the three numbers corresponding to the terms Sin, Death, and Paradise are settled upon, and away goes our friend to play them in the lottery. Will you believe it? the three numbers are drawn—and the joy of the poor *bottegaio* and his family may well be imagined. But what you will not imagine is the persecution of the poor *uomo apostolico* which followed. The secret was all over town the next day, and he was beset by scores of applicants for numbers. Vainly he protested and declared that he knew nothing, and that the man's drawing the right numbers was all chance. Every word he spoke turned into numbers, and off ran his hearers to play them. He was like the girl in the fairy story, who dropped pearls every time she spoke. The worst of the imbroglio was, that in an hour the good priest had uttered words equivalent to all the ninety numbers in the lottery, and the players were all at loggerheads with each other. Nor did this persecution cease for weeks, nor until those who had played the numbers corresponding to his words found themselves, as the Italians say, wit only flies in their hands.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—Both at Strathfieldsaye and Walmer, the Duke was a regular attendant at public worship, and received the sacrament as often as it was administered. It was a touching sight to see that great and venerable man, kneeling devoutly before the rails of the village church, with the sunlight falling through the stained glass upon his head, and his own attention fixed entirely upon the act in which he was participating. He was not always so attentive during sermon time. Indeed, unless the preacher were eloquent, or the subject out of the common, he used generally to gather himself up into the corner of the pew and go to sleep, when he sometimes snored audibly. He was very particular also in requiring that his guests should attend divine service somewhere. It happened on one occasion that Count Nugent, an Irish gentleman, but an Austrian general, paid him a visit at Walmer Castle. Sunday morning came, and his excellency said, "Duke, do you go to church?"—"Always, don't you?"—"I can't go to church with you, for you know I'm a Catholic."—"Oh, very well," was the answer, and he rang the bell. When the servant entered, the Duke said, "His excellency wants to go to the Roman Catholic chapel; you can show him where it is." And sure enough to the Roman Catholic chapel his excellency was marched. The Duke was a good deal tickled, and as we walked to church, observed, "I knew he did not want me to go to church, nor to go himself either, but I thought it best that we should both go."—*Gleig.*

A LEARNED BAKER.—Not long ago, Sir Roderick Murchison discovered at Thurso, in the far north of Scotland, a profound geologist in the person of a baker there, named Robert Dick. When Sir Roderick called upon him at the bakehouse in which he baked and earned his bread, Robert Dick delineated to him, by means of flour upon a board, the geographical phenomena of his native country, pointing out the imperfections in the existing maps, which he had ascertained by travelling over the country in his leisure hours. On futher inquiry, Sir Roderick ascertained that the humble individual before him was not only a capital baker and geologist, but a first rate botanist. "I found," said the Director General of the Geographical Society, "to my great humiliation, that this baker knew more of botanical science, ay, ten times more; than I did; and that there were only some twenty or thirty specimens of flowers which he had not collected. Some he had obtained as presents, some he had purchased, but the greater portion he had accumulated by his industry, in his native count of Caithness; and the specimens were all arranged in the most beautiful order, with their scientific names affixed."

THE PRETTY ANNE BOLEYN.—Dr. Bayley says, in his Life of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, that after that prelate had been beheaded, the executioner put it into a bag, in order to set it upon London Bridge that night. The Lady Anne Boleyn, who was the chief cause of this holy man's death, had a certain desire to see the head before it was set up. Whereupon it being brought to her, she beheld it a space, and last contemptuously said these or the like words: "Is this the head that has so often exclaimed against me? I trust it shall never do any more harm."

☞ There is a man at Tabor who walks so slow that they say he wears a pair of spurs to keep his shadow from treading on his heels.

IN THE VINTAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

When the Autumn sun was sinking low,
And the crimson clouds took many shapes—
I stood in the vineyard long ago,
Gathering up the grapes.
The young Bianca at my side,
With a sun-flush on her braided hair,
And her slender fingers, purple-dyed,
Wrought, singing softly, there.
Between the snatches of her song,
(While the crimson clouds grew pale and numb,)
We talked of the pleasant home to be
In the pleasant years to come.
The thousand tender hopes that Love
Doth joy to crown and throne within
The sacred court of future years,
We joyed to fashion then.
And when the young moon peered between
The waving branches, dim and gray,
I left Bianca at the gate,
And singing, went away.

Alas! that we dream a dream, and wake
To find the vision dead and dumb—
Alas! that those royal hopes should be
Clay in the years to come!
When the Autumn sun again sank low,
And the crimson clouds took many shapes—
I stood in the vineyard, love-bereft,
Gathering up the grapes.
The twilight eyes and the wild-rose cheek
Of my fragile Love no more were there—
Nor the broken snatches of pleasant song
Thrilling the quiet air.
I did not moan, I did not wail,
I did not call her back to me—
For dark was the gulf, but the shore beyond
Was brighter than earth could be!
Brighter than earth, with its vineyards vast,
Where the Sun in its glory ne'er declines—
And the tranquil forms of the blest repose
Under the purple vines.
And where my Love (while the incense warm,
Like a misty veil, her tresses drapes,)
Goeth with timid steps and slow—
Gathering the Master's grapes.
The olden love from her pleasant eyes,
Drippeth like sweet rain down on me,
And her brow is writ with the solemn lore
Of her Immortality!

And when in the withered leaves without,
I hear the restless wind astir—
I dream of the life that might have been,
If God had spared me her.
And ere in the twilight, over the hill,
Another Autumn sun escapes—
I shall go with my Love thro' the viewless Land,
And gather the Master's grapes!

DIED POOR.

"It was a sad funeral for me," said the speaker; "the saddest one I have attended for many years."

"That of Edmondson?"

"Yes."

"How did he die?"

"Poor—poor as poverty—his life was one long struggle with the world, and at a disadvantage to him. Fortune mocked all the while with golden promises, none of which were realized."

"Yet he was patient and enduring," remarked one of the company.

"Patient as a lamb—enduring as a martyr," was the reply. "Poor man! he was worthy a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success."

"He did not succeed?" questioned the one who had spoken of his perseverance and endurance.

"No, sir; he died poor, as I have just said. Nothing that he ever put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise."

"I was with him in his last moments," said the other, "and I thought he died rich."

"No, he left nothing behind," was the reply. "The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate."

"He left a good name," said one, "and that is something."

"And a legacy of noble deeds, done in the name of humanity," said another.

"And precious examples," said a third.

"Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path," was the testimony of another.

"And high truth, manly courage, heroic fortitude."

"Then he died rich," was the emphatic declaration. "Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, a miserable pauper in all but gold.

"A sad funeral, did you say? No, my friend, it was rather a triumphal procession. Not a burial of a human clod, but the ceremonial attendant upon the translation of an angel. Did he not succeed? Why, his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came out victor, and now the victor's crown is upon his brow.

"Any grasping, soulless man, with a share of brains, may gather in money and learn the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred can bravely conquer in the battle of life as Edmondson has done, and step out from the ranks of men a moral hero."

A CHINESE TOPER.—A story is current among them of a great wine drinker, who was able to sit on all the day at table, and after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half-a-dozen men, would rise up perfectly sober. The Emperor, hearing the fame of this deep drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvellous powers. As the story goes, the king had ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze, of the exact size and model of this man, and, as the wine was served, for each cup that the guest drank a similar cup was poured into the opening on the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until at length the bronze statue *overflowed*, while the guest continued at the table, and rose from it perfectly sober!—*Pictures of the Chinese, described by the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, M. A.*

☞ The quickest way to make eyewater is to run your nose against a lamp post.

AN ENGLISH HEROINE.

The following account of an English young lady who followed her soldier lover to this country, is from an old paper:—

"Last week, died at Hammersmith, in England, Mrs. Ross, celebrated for her beauty and constancy. Having met with opposition in her engagement with Captain Charles Ross, she followed him in men's clothes, to America, where, after such a research and fatigue as scarce any of her sex could have undergone, she found him in the woods lying for dead, after a skirmish with the Indians, and with a poisoned wound. Having previously studied surgery in England, she, with an ardor and vigilance which only such a passion could inspire, saved his life by sucking his wound, the only expedient that could have effected it at the crisis he was in, and nursing him with scarce a covering from the sky for the space of six weeks. During this time she remained unsuspected by him, having dyed her skin with lime and bark; and keeping to a man's habit, still supported by the transport of hearing his unceasing aspirations of love and regret for that dear though (he then thought) distant object of his soul, being charged by him with transmitting to her (had the captain died) his remains, and dying asseverations of constancy and gratitude for the unparalleled care and tenderness of his nurse, the bearer of them; but, recovering, they removed into Philadelphia, where, as soon as she found a clergyman to join her to him for ever, she appeared as herself, the priest accompanying her. They lived for the space of four years in a fondness almost ideal to the present age of corruption, and that could only be interrupted by her declining health, the fatigue she had undergone and the poison not properly expelled which she had imbibed from his wound, undermining her constitution. The knowledge he had of it, and piercing regret at having been the occasion, affecting him still more sensibly, he died with a broken heart last spring, at John's Town, in New York. She lived to return and implore forgiveness of her family, whom she had distressed so long by their ignorance of her destiny. She died, in consequence of her grief and affection, at the age of twenty-six."

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

At a ball given in Pyrmont, a celebrated watering-place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Gottingen student, requested a young lady to dance with him.

Just as the dance was about to commence, the lady inquired of him,

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"I am the tutor of Count Von Z———," replied her partner.

"And a commoner, I presume?" she rejoined, to which he answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, then," continued, the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner."

This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is.

The young man quitted the room and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself.

His pupil followed him, and learned the the cause of his distress.

"You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball-room, followed by his tutor.

The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejector of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor, to pairing off with the wealthy noble.

Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put:

"With whom have I the honor of dancing?"

"With the Lady Von B———," she replied.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side.

He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room.

Few will deny that it was a well merited punishment.

GOOD FOR PRINCE ALBERT.—His Royal Highness Prince Albert has an aversion to flattery, for which one of the royal gamekeepers was dismissed. The Prince and some guests were lately beating about the bushes in one of the royal preserves, when the Earl of G——— called the attention of the Prince Consort to a stray bird perched upon a tree. The Prince said, "I will bring it down for certainty."—He aimed and missed it. The man just mentioned said, loud enough to be heard by his master and the parties present, "His Royal Highness at first intended to kill the bird, but, on further thought, had mercy on its life, and took pains to miss!"

EFFECTS OF PRACTICAL JOKING.—The following is a late case of the ill consequence of such silly jokes: A youth, who had collected some live frogs, for bait for fishing, put three of them into his little brother's bed, who went to sleep as usual, but, in the night, waking with something crawling, cold and clammy, on his cheek, jumped out of bed, screamed, and fell to the floor, terrified, in convulsions; and it is very much feared, if he recovers at all, that his mind will be gone. Oh, boys, do take warning; do not play tricks which may have such sad consequences.

☞ Every one who destroys a life destroys, in one sense, an entire external world, in destroying the power of perceiving and enjoying it.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAPTURE.—A CHARGE.—THE ESCAPE.

You might have walked on the people's heads. Never before was there such a commotion in South Wennock; that caused by the death of Mrs. Crane, years before, was nothing to it.

The apprehension was effected about one o'clock in the day. Lady Laura, down stairs that morning for the first time, was at lunch with Mr. Carlyon in the dining-room. Her head was running upon her grievances, real or imaginary.

"So that child's dead!" she exclaimed.

"What child?"

"As if you did not know! Yours."

He made no response.

"Will you swear to me, now that its dead body lies above ground, that it was not?"

"No," coolly returned Mr. Carlyon. "If you persist in taking these fancies into your head, you must abide by them; I shall give myself no trouble—"

He ceased, for the room door was opened, and the footman thrust in his head, looking pale and scared.

"What is it, Jonathan?"

"Sir, if you please you are wanted."

"In the surgery? I'll come presently."

"No, sir, now, please," stammered Jonathan, getting more scared every moment.

He was struck with the man's manner, and rose hastily. Outside the door stood two policemen. Lady Laura, hearing a slight bustle, pulled the door open, and saw the group. The matter-of-fact officers, with their impassive faces, had closed round her husband, one of them showing what looked to be a piece of paper; he was white, and trembling as an aspen leaf, while Jonathan stood apart, with open mouth and staring eyes. Mr. Carlyon, once a bold man, had less command than formerly over his nerves and countenance. The moment they perceived Lady Laura, they stepped into a room and shut the door.

"Jonathan, what's all that?"

"Goodness knows, my Lady."

"What do those policemen want? You are looking frightened! What did they say? What did you hear?"

"I wish you wouldn't ask me, please," hesitated the man, who was good natured and simple. "It would not do you good to hear it, my lady."

"How dare you refuse, Jonathan?" she imperiously returned. "Tell me instantly."

"Oh, my lady—I heard something about murder, and taking charge of one the magistrates."

She did not believe it; she quite laughed at Jonathan. But at that moment they came out again, and Mr. Carlyon advanced to her. There was that in his aspect, which caused his wife to fall against the door-post.

"Laura, I am going out on business, up to the town hall. I shan't be longer than I can help."

Her shrill cry resounded through the hall.

"Oh, what is it? Jonathan says it's murder!"

"Nonsense, nonsense," he peevishly exclaimed. "It is some absurd mistake, which I shall soon set right. Don't be foolish; I shall be home to dinner."

He went away, a policeman on each side him. She happened to cast her eyes to the road, and saw, to her dread and astonishment, that it was literally lined with people. For the news had got wind, and the town was up in arms. Standing just inside their gate, stepped there to shelter her rotundity from the pressure of the mob, dense in that particular spot, was Mrs. Pepperfly. Murder! A train of thought led Lady Laura's mind to that dead child, and she shuddered with apprehension. She darted out and seizing upon the old woman, pulled her in.

"Tell me what it is," she panted. "You know."

"It's one o' them there ways o' Providence we reads on," was Mother Pepperfly's lucid answer. "To think as we should all ha' been going on for years with our eyes shut, and never to ha' suspected him! Yours is hard lines, my poor lady."

Lady Laura, in her dreadful suspense, her vehement impatience, nearly shook her.

"They speak of murder; is *he* murdered, that child at Tupper's cottage?"

"He!" responded Mrs. Pepperfly, "bless your ladyship's dear heart, he went off natural, like a lamb, with his bad knee. It's his unfortunate mother."

"Is *she* dead?" gasped Lady Laura, still more apprehensive ideas flying upon her. "She, the woman?"

"Not her," cried Mrs. Pepperfly, jerking her thumb over her shoulder to indicate the direction of Tupper's cottage; "she warn't his mother, it turns out; no more nor me. It were that other unfortunate, what I nursed my ownself, my lady, she as was took away through the prussic acid. And her name, they say, was ——— oh, dear, but it's hard lines for all your ladyships!"

"Her name was what?" uttered Lady Laura.

"Not Mrs. Crane at all, my lady, but Clarice Chesney. And the to do now is, that Dr. Carlyon is accused of having mixed up the prussic acid for her in Mr. Stephen Grey's draught."

"But why?" shivered Lady Laura.

"Well, folks says—not but what they're precious story-tellers half their time—that she was his wife; Mrs. Carlyon; and he did it to get quit of her."

Lady Laura sank into a chair, terror stricken and powerless. Mrs. Pepperfly, who would talk enough for ten, when she was once set going, went on.

"I had a word with Judith just now—she have been took off to the town-hall by a perlice officer too, she have, to tell what she knows—and she says it have all come out through Lady Laura—you, my lady—finding of a letter a night or two ago, which the letter told something that let 'em know the lady who died was a Chesney, and Lady Jane inquired of Mr. Carlyon, for he was spoke of in it, and it set him on to go to Mrs. Smith, and find out how much *she* knew—and altogether, suspicions was raised, and Mrs. Smith went and denounced him to the justices. I'm off there, too, by their orders, I am; and must make the best of my way, when this pest of a crowd will let me, a poking people's ribs, and a treading of their shins."

But Mrs. Pepperfly was talking to one who seemed dead to hearing. She had not fainted, but she lay in her chair like one bereft of life. Had *her* underhand work, her trickery against her husband, brought this to pass? Oh, miserable Laura Carlyon! the reflection would henceforth haunt her forever.

"Now, poor dear lady! don't take on so! We all has to bear, some in our minds, and some in our bodies; and some in our husbands, and some in having none. There ain't nothing more soothing nor a glass of gin and-water hot," added the sympathizing Mrs. Pepperfly, ranging her eyes round the room to see if she could discover any signs of the chief ingredient requisite for compounding that restoring cordial. "If your ladyship wouldn't object to my ringing of the bell, and ordering—"

"Come home with me, Laura," interrupted a soft voice, subdued in its grief, "come home with me. Oh, child, this is hard for all of us, cruelly hard for you. Let me take you, Laura: my home shall be yours now."

She burst into a flood of tears, distressing to witness in its anguish, and laid her head upon her sister Jane's bosom. Mrs. Pepperfly, grieving over the hot gin-and-water that might have been so near, dropped a silent curtsey, and left them alone.

You could not step into the town-hall. You might have given a golden guinea to the court beadle, but all in vain, for not another body, or the ghost of one, could be packed in. Mrs. Smith had given her full evidence (in public now, in the presence of the prisoner,) before the magistrates, and Judith Ford was giving hers. A Mr. Billiter, Lawyer Billiter, as he was called in the place, was there professionally, watching the examination for Mr. Carlyon, having been sent for, in hot haste. The prisoner had recovered his equanimity, but he looked pale and restless, and got into perpetual squabbles with Lawyer Billiter, through not "keeping silent." Every soul who had seen, or had anything to do with the ilfated young lady whose death was the subject of inquiry, was there; Mrs. Fitch, of the Red Lion, the Widow Gould, the Rev. Mr. Lycett, who had stood over her dead body, even Bob, the surgery boy, who had delivered the medicine, now grown into a strapping young man. Mr. John Grey, and his nephew Frederick, sat on the bench with the magistrates. The latter had come to the telegraph office, galloping on a fleet horse there and back, and the following message was despatched to town; the second message sent by Frederick to his father, since his sojourn at South Wennock.

"Great Wennock Station, }
"One o'clock, P. M. }

"Frederick Grey, to Sir Stephen Grey, bart. M. D. The mystery of the prussic acid is at length on the point of discovery. Come off at once; I should like you to be present at your clearing. Tell my mother I was right."

"What on earth does he mean about being right?" exclaimed Sir Stephen, who chanced to be at home when the despatch arrived. "This accounts for his not being up yesterday, as we expected."

Lady Grey gave an evasive answer; she had never spoken of what she thought her son's unpardonable and unjustifiable suspicion, and she would not now.

"Will you go, Stephen?"

"This very instant. Happily I have nothing particular to-day to prevent me. I'd go to the end of the world, to be proved blameless in the eyes of South Wennock."

But this has been a digression. Frederick Grey was back in court by the magistrates' side, and Judith Ford was under examination.

"I protest against this going on," interrupted Mr. Carlyon, for about the tenth time, "I protest against this woman's evidence. I say the person who lay ill, was a stranger to me; what interest, then, could I—"

"Now, Carlyon, I won't have it," interrupted Lawyer Billiter, wiping his hot face. "I declare, if you do ruin your cause in this manner, I'll leave you to it. You be quiet, and trust to me."

"But I did not know her, and I shall say it," persisted the prisoner. "I ask what motive—"

"We cannot hear this, Mr. Carlyon," said one of the magistrates; "you can make your defence at the proper period: this is only wasting the time of the bench, and can do you no possible good. Witness, you looked into the room, and saw Mr. Carlyon, you say; what was he doing?"

"He had a small bottle in his hand, sir, a very little tiny bottle; but that he held it up, right in the light, I should not have been able to distinguish what it was. He was putting the cork into it, and then he dropped it into his waistcoat pocket. After that, he took up the other bottle—"

"What bottle?" interrupted Lawyer Billiter, snapping up Judith.

"The other bottle that stood on the chiffonier, close to his hand; it was a bottle the size of those sent in by Mr. Stephen Grey, with the night draughts. The cork lay by it, and he took up the cork very quickly and put it into the bottle—"

"You can't swear that it was the bottle and draught just sent in by Mr. Stephen Grey."

"No," said Judith, "but I think it was. I could see that it had a label on it, and it was full of medicine. No other bottle in the house, out that, was full that night, as swore to by the nurse at the inquest."

"Go on," interposed the magistrates to Judith.

"When he had corked it up, he placed it in a corner of the shelf of the chiffonier, in a slanting position, and came out of the room very quickly; so quickly, that I had no time to get away. I went to the side of the landing, and stood against the wall, but—"

"Where he would pass you, as he went down stairs?"

"Oh, no, sir, he would not pass me: I was farther up, nearer to the bed-room door. He saw me standing there, at least he saw my face, and spoke, asking what I was, but I did not answer, and he looked alarmed. While he went back for the light, I slipped into the bed-room."

"But you were not the dark man with whiskers, to whom allusion has been so often made?" uttered the astonished magistrate.

"Yes, I was, sir; at least I was what Mr. Carlyon took to be a man. I had my cheeks tied up with black plush, on each side, through face-ache, and it may have looked like whiskers in the uncertain light. Mr. Carlyon could not see me when he brought out the candle, and he went down."

"This is a most extraordinary avowal, witness!" uttered Lawyer Billiter. "What was your motive, pray, for watching Mr. Carlyon?"

"I had no motive; I did not purposely watch him. I peeped into the room, not knowing who was there, and saw what I tell you. But it was all the work of an instant, and he came out before I could well get away from the door!"

"Did you suspect he was at anything wrong with the medicine?" asked the magistrate.

"No, sir, I never thought of such a thing. But I fancied he might not like to know I had looked in, and therefore I did not answer, or show myself."

"Will your worships have the goodness to note the testimony of this witness," cried Mr. Billiter.

"I repeat that it is most extraordinary, most incredible; in fact it is tainted with the gravest suspicion. She deposes to a cock-and-bull story of hearing terms of endearment pass between Mr. Carlyon and his patient, the first time they ever met; next, to this still more absurd story of the bottles. Why should she, above all others, have been seated in Mrs. Crane's bed-room in the dark?—why should she, above all others, have come stealing up, in the dark, still, the following night, and have witnessed a by-play going on amidst bottles that can only be compared to conjuring tricks? No! her evidence is incomprehensible and fraught with the gravest doubt; to a clear judgment it may appear pure invention, a tale got up to divert suspicion from herself. It is to be discovered yet, whether she was not the one who tampered with the draught, and now endeavors to throw the odium upon another. Upon my word, it looks like it. Pray, witness, if you did perceive all this committed by Mr. Carlyon; how came it that you did not declare it at the time?"

"Because I feared the not being believed," vehemently returned Judith, her eyes flashing scorn on the lawyer, "I feared it might be met in the way that you, Mr. Billiter, are now meeting it. I feared the very suspicion might be turned upon me; as you are now *trying to* turn it. That's why."

"You feared that your unsupported testimony would not weigh against Mr. Carlyon's denial?" observed a magistrate.

"Yes, sir. There was no proof whatever that he had known her before; appearances seemed to say that he had not; where was my chance then of being listened to? It is different now: now that it is proved they were man and wife, or equivalent to it."

"Don't speak too fast, my girl, there's nothing of the sort proved," cried lawyer Billiter.

"If there is not, there will be," persisted Judith.

"And you dare to take upon yourself to assert that Mr. Carlyon was dropping the prussic acid into the draught, while you were squinting at him through the door?" raved Mr. Billiter.

"I don't assert anything of the kind," returned Judith. "I have told the magistrates what I saw him do with the bottles, but I have said no more. I may have my own opinion, but that's not evidence: and I dare say the magistrates have theirs," she undauntedly concluded.

A diversion occurred here, caused by the endeavoring to get Mrs. Pepperfly into court. That lady, after she left Mr. Carlyon's, was seized upon by various curiosity-mongers, questioned by one, questioned by another, a propitiatory offering of her favorite beverage, hot, strong, and sweet, being administered three times over. The consequence was, that Mrs. Pepperfly was arriving late, and not altogether steady on her legs.

The difficulty was, to get her into court. How was it to be done? Had there been space, she could have walked in well enough, but space there was none. Five or six zealous adherents set her before them and pushed at her behind. No progress. They pulled her to the right, they bumped her to the left; all of no effect, for the crowd was too dense: a slim individual might have got through it, but Mrs. Pepperfly never. At last a plan was devised: the police came to the rescue. One marched first, elbowing the way with his elbows, two more took her in tow by the shoulders, stepping a little in advance, and three more propelled her behind. By these means the crowd was surmounted, and Mrs. Pepperfly arrived in front, a martyr to heat, groaning, and exhaustion.

But no sooner was the bustle over, and she put down to recover herself, than there was another interruption. The private safe in Mr. Carlyon's house had been visited by the police, and the cash-box brought forth. It had been opened, and found to contain valuable evidence, bearing upon the case.

First of all there was a marriage certificate: testifying that Lewis Carlyon and Clarice Beauchamp were married on a certain day in July (the July previous to her death) at St. Pancras old church. Secondly there were fond and loving letters from her to him, and a few from him to her: and thirdly the officer brought, handed to him by Lady Jane, the letter taken from the safe by her sister Laura. The magistrates perused the letters. One spoke of this very journey which she afterwards took to South Wennock, it pressed for her husband's leave (which, it might appear, he had objected to giving) to come to it for her confinement, pleading that he could attend upon her, letting it appear to others as if she were but an ordinary patient, and that their connection need not necessarily be known. It was full of loving words, breathing the spirit of true affection: it asked how he would like to be ill, away from her; and how, then, could she bear, at such a time, to be separated from him?

The magistrates glanced at Mr. Carlyon as they read it. A change had come over him from the moment that cash-box appeared in court. He knew that all was over, and he leaned on the desk by which he stood, his frame cowering, his face white as ashes. Of all the countenances before him, he would least rather meet that of Frederick Grey: he remembered his honest open accusation in the years gone by.

"Prisoner, what have you to say to this?" asked the chief magistrate.

"Nothing," he sullenly replied. "If evidence is to be brought against me that I know nothing of, how can I be prepared to refute it?"

"You cannot say that you know nothing of these letters, of this marriage certificate—you must have kept them by you for years. Can you deny now that the ilfated young lady was your wife?"

"If she was my wife, that does not prove that I poisoned her."

"It goes a great way towards it, though, coupled with the other corroborative testimony."

The magistrate's voice was drowned, for a murmur of execration against the prisoner had arisen in the hall. John Bull is impulsive, impetuous in his likes and dislikes, and was with some difficulty, and a little threatening from the magistrates, silenced again.

They were now perusing the other letter, the one which had led indirectly to the discovery. "I think," observed one of the bench, "we have seen part of this before." Yes; it was a copy of the torn letter exhibited to the coroner. A letter written to him, her husband, in a playful strain, and whose very playfulness had caused all its ambiguity.

"You swore before the coroner, Mr. Carlyon, that you knew nothing of this letter, or of its hand-writing! What do you say now?"

What could he say? He stood there the sorriest picture of convicted guilt that was ever witnessed. Men remembered that when he was destroying this young lady, his legal wife, he was actually courting her sister; but if they believed that he must have known of the relationship, in that they wronged him.—She had never told him she was Miss Chesney; her being married in the name of Beauchamp of itself proved it; though what her motive for secrecy to him was, could not be conjectured.

But why did Mr. Carlyon keep those tell-tale letters by him? It is unexplainable. How is it that men, guilty men, do commit the most unaccountable mistakes—mistakes that the world can only marvel at? Is it that a fatal blindness overtakes them, a blindness of the mind and judgment, causing them to bring upon themselves their own doom? Remember the Latin proverb: Quod Deus vult perdere, prius dementat!

The examination lasted till dark, and then candles were brought into the hall. It was past six before the proceedings were over, and the prisoner was committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of his wife, Clarice Beauchamp Carlyon.

"Of course you'll take bail," said Lawyer Billiter.

"Bail!" uttered the magistrates, lifting their hands and eyes; "was ever such a request made to a bench before? No! not if the whole town came forward to answer for him."

The whole town, however, had no intention of doing anything of the sort. Rather the contrary; for it was anticipating the pleasure (the unwashed part of it) of escorting him to his lodgings in a popular manner, more emphatic than agreeable.

"Mr. Frederick," whispered Mrs. Fitch, of the Lion, as Frederick Grey hastened from the hall and passed her, "are you going over to Great Wennock to meet your father, sir?—You expect him, don't you, by the seven train?"

"Yes, I expect him; he is sure to come by it, if he could get away. I shall want a chaise or conveyance of some sort."

"That's just what I thought, sir. You shall have out that new barouche and pair. Sir Stephen shan't come into the town in the common omnibus, on a joyful occasion like this—joyful it will be to him."

"And that's just what I thought," repeated Frederick, laughing. "We can't talk secrets in the common omnibus, and I shall have enough to tell him."

"It's not such a thing that you need scruple to talk of it in a market-place, for the matter of that," returned Mrs. Fitch. "To think that he, a murderer, can have gone into the bosoms of families and been attending of 'em? It makes my blood run cold; though, thank goodness, I never had him myself. He don't deserve any scruples, sir."

"But his wife does. From me, especially, for I shall soon be connected with her."

"Ay, yes, to be sure. We mustn't forget his poor wife, in our indignation against him. But what a dreadful blow it will be for her—the high and mighty Lady Laura Carlyon!—Sir," she added, dropping her voice, "will he be hung?"

"Hush!" whispered Frederick, his brow knitting at the question. "When I think of that—his wife—this wife—rises up before me. The disgrace will shatter her."

The barouche was soon ready, and Frederick Grey proceeded in it to the station. The train came in, and it brought Sir Stephen; and they were soon seated together, driving back to South Wennock."

"Well, Frederick, what has turned up?"

"Your exoneration, sir, for one thing; I hope the town won't eat you, but it is on the wild stilts to night. And next, the true delinquent has turned up; if that's not Irish, considering that he has never been turned down, but has

been close at hand all the while. He who put the prussic acid into your wholesome mixture—"

"Put it purposely?"

"Purposely; intending to kill her."

"And where was it done? and when? Bob was not waylaid, surely, after all his protestations to the contrary?"

"Bob delivered the medicine safely, and the poison was added to it after it was in the house; while it waited in the room adjoining the sick chamber."

"That face on the stairs!" uttered Sir Stephen. "I knew it was no illusion. A matter-of-fact, common sense man, like Carlyon, could not have fancied such a thing. It was her husband, I suppose?"

"It was her husband, sure enough, who destroyed her, but that person on the stairs, a living, breathing person, was not her husband. Father, he who was guilty, her husband, was Lewis Carlyon."

Sir Stephen roused himself from his corner of the barouche, and stared at his son.

"What nonsense are you talking now, Fred?"

"I wish it was nonsense, sir—for the sake of our common humanity. If ever there was a disgrace to it, it is Carlyon."

He began the tale, and had tolerably enlightened his father by the time they arrived at South Wennock. Sir Stephen could scarcely credit it; it was only fit for a romance, he said, not for a history in real life.

"The most singular thing in it, Frederick, is that he was never suspected."

"I suspected him, father."

"You! Nonsense again!"

"I did, indeed! I have felt sure of his guilt from the moment we stood with him around her, as she lay dead. And, what's more, he saw then that I suspected him—or, at any rate, that I doubted him in some way. Do you remember his wanting to send me out of the room? but Uncle John spoke up, and said I was trustworthy. What puzzled me was, that I could see no motive for his crime; and I wondered whether he had been attempting to make some addition to, or alteration in, the draught, and had, unintentionally, unknowingly, dropped in prussic acid, in error for an innocent drug; but, that he had done it, by intention or mistake, I felt assured. I told my mother so."

"You must have been a strange sort of young gentleman, Frederick."

"So Mr. Carlyon thought. You know when he laid that switch about my shoulders, and you told me, by way of consolation, you had no doubt I had brought it upon myself through insolence; well, I had been telling him outright my suspicions of him."

"Frederick!"

"I did. I was dreadfully vexed at his treatment of you, speaking against you behind your back; and I accosted him, and one word led to another, and I brought it out to him plump and plain,—that I believed he himself had poisoned the lady. Lady Jane Chesney heard me, for we were close to her garden gate."

"Have you preferred the accusation against him now?"

"No. I had no proof, and I would not have been the one to do it, connected, as Lucy is, with his wife. But there's something else *behind, father, that I have not told you*; something that makes *its chief horror*, above all the tales of this nature that the world has been aroused with. That first wife, the unhappy young lady whom he put out of the way, no doubt that he might be enabled to marry another, was that other's sister. She was Clarice Chesney."

Sir Stephen felt confounded.

"My boy, what are you telling me?"

"Nothing but the miserable truth. He did not know it; we must give him that due.—You have heard from Lady Jane how her sister Clarice left home to be a governess; she met with Carlyon, and they married. He could have had no real affection for her, and when he afterwards fell in love with Laura, and his wife, the friendless governess, stood in his way, he scrupled not to put her out of it. It appears that, while he pretended to assist the police in their inquiries at the time of the murder, he was, in reality, doing what he could to mislead them, and put them off the scent."

"I never heard anything so painful in all my life!" exclaimed Sir Stephen. "But why should—Frederick, what in the world's all this?"

Sir Stephen might well exclaim. They had turned the corner from the road to the street, and found themselves in the midst of a dense and shouting crowd. It had gathered there to waylay the carriage. "Long live Sir Stephen Grey!" "Would he ever pardon them for having suspected him?" "They'd never forgive themselves!" "Health and joy and happiness to good Sir Stephen!"

They pressed round the barouche. Sir Stephen was not eaten, but his hands were pretty nearly shaken off. And before he was at all aware of what they were doing, they had unharnessed the horses, sent them away by the post-boy, and were harnessing themselves to the carriage, squabbling and fighting which and how many should enjoy the honor. In this manner, shouting, hurrahing, and gesticulating, they commenced drawing Sir Stephen towards his brother's.

Frederick did not admire being made much of. He opened the door to leap out, but with that dense mob, extending for some yards round about, it could not be done without danger. He remonstrated, and Sir Stephen remonstrated, but only to draw forth fresh cheers and an increased rate of speed in the transit; so they were obliged, perforce, to resign themselves to their fate, the good-humored Sir Stephen laughing and bowing incessantly.

Suddenly there was a halt, a stoppage, for they had encountered another mob, but a much smaller one, which had emerged from the town hall, and the cheering and shouts changed to a deep groan of execration. It was Mr. Carlyon being brought forth to be lodged in the station, or as it was popularly called, the lock-up, for the night, whence he would be conveyed on the morrow to the county jail.—Finding what was the temper of the public, the police had kept their prisoner until the streets should be tolerably clear, not knowing that the mob were collecting only a little lower down, to welcome Sir Stephen Grey.

Eight years before, Stephen Gray had been driven from the town, almost hunted from it, by that guilty man. That he had deemed himself safer if Stephen Grey could be got away, thinking there was more chance of the affair dying out, there was little doubt; and that must have been his motive. But the tables were turned now. Reader, look out, yourself, wait and see how the tables of wrong-doing do turn; how falsehood and the working of evil bring their own recompense! Sir Stephen Grey, the flourishing physician, the respected baronet, was being chaired in to his native place, his high principled, noble son beside him; not a man but was ready to throw himself under his feet, and weep out his contrition and shame for having ever turned against him; while he, that degraded sinner, was walking ignominiously between his keepers, being led away to his doom.

They were close abreast, the barouche and the prisoner, and neither could stir one road or the other, for the mob had it all their own way. A few policemen only were about, and they were powerless amidst the numbers; it was as much as they could do to guard the prisoner from the threatenings around.

"Down with him! Let's seize him! Let's buffet him first and duck him afterwards!—Now, then, go on to him!"

The police were pale, but the prisoner was far paler. Another moment, and he would have been in their hands, at their mercy, perhaps have been pulled to pieces; but Sir Stephen Grey rose up to the rescue. He stood on the seat of the barouche, bare headed, and addressed them, the flaring gas light from a butcher's shop shining full upon his face.

"If you touch Mr. Carlyon by so much as a finger, you are not my fellow-townsmen, my own dear old neighbors of South Wennock, and I will never again acknowledge you as such! I thought you were Englishmen. If he be accused of crime, is there not the law of his country to judge him? You are not the law; you are not his accusers; he has not injured you. My friends, in this moment, when you have made me so happy by your welcome, don't do anything to mar it, don't make me ashamed of you!"

"It was he druv you from the town, Sir Stephen; it was he, with his canting lies again you, made us think ill of you, and turn our backs upon the truest friend we ever had."

"That's not your affair; that's mine; he did not drive you from it. If I forgive and forget the past, surely you can do it. Carlyon," he impulsively said, "I do forgive you heartily for any wrong they think you may have done me, and I wish you well, and I hope you'll get off—that is, if you can feel that you ought to," Sir Stephen added, unpleasant reminiscences of what his son had said, intruding into his frank good nature; "I wish you no ill, I'm sure. And, my men, as you have undertaken to escort me to my brother's, I desire that you'll go on with me, that I may wish you no ill. Come, don't keep me here, perched in the cold."

His half careless, half authoritative, and wholly kind tone had the desired effect; the barouche was dragged on again, and the mob, to a man, followed after it, cheering Sir Stephen.

"Thank you, Sir Stephen," said Mr. Carlyon, throwing back the words as he resumed his walk between the policemen.

He could not quite forget the courtesy of a gentleman, and a feeling of gratitude had risen within him.

"Frederick, that was a near touch. What could we have done, had they got hold of him?"

"I know what I should have done; I should have jumped out, on to their heads, and fought with them for his rescue; indeed, I should have been out as it was, but that I was on the wrong side the carriage. Whatever may be Carlyon's crimes, and our abhorrence of them and of the man, one cannot witness that sort of gratuitous ill-treatment."

"Why, here's actua'ly a band!" uttered Sir Stephen Grey. "They are mad to-night. What do they take me for?"

A band it was. Whence hunted up, on the spur of the moment, the excited South Wennock natives alone could tell. It appeared, however, that the band had not come to a proper understanding with itself; one half striking up, "Rule Britannia," and the other "See the Conquering Hero Comes;" and as each division played excessively loud, so as to drown the other, the effect was uncommon. Thus, amidst cheering, shouting, music, and running, Sir Stephen Grey was conducted in state to the residence of his brother.

Morning dawned. The "lock up" was a good-sized building, containing five or six rooms, all on the ground floor; for it was built somewhat after the fashion of a barn, the divisions having been put in afterwards. One of them was called the strong-room, from the fact of its having no windows, and there being no possibility of escape, when once a prisoner was securely locked in. If any unhappy murderer was ever lodged there, preparatory to being moved to the county prison, he was invariably consigned to the strong room; and there was placed Mr. Carlyon. The first thing they did was to search him, the next to carry him some supper; but he said he did not want any, and asked for a sheet of paper. He wrote a number of lines on it with a pencil, folded and got it sealed, a policeman standing by with a lamp. It was addressed to Lady Laura, and the man inquired whether he wished it delivered that night. "No, not till morning," was the reply of Mr. Carlyon; and then they left him for the night, wishing him a good one—which might be regarded as a somewhat superfluous compliment. In the morning they entered, to take him his breakfast, but Mr. Carlyon had escaped them; he was not there. Escaped out of the strong room?

Yes. He had escaped by death. On the rude bed lay the remains of what was once Lewis Carlyon, the active, moving, accountable human being. Accountable for the actions he had done in the body, whether they were good, or whether they were evil; accountable to God. What had he been?

The place was forthwith in a commotion. He must have concealed poison about his person, and destroyed himself, people said; but he had been strictly searched the night before, and none was discovered. Neither could any signs of poison be traced, when he was afterwards examined by medical men. Had he possessed the grains of some subtle potion, which destroyed life, leaving no trace behind? or had he really died a natural death, possibly caused by excitement? If the latter, it was a most singular fact; but it was a problem that was never set at rest.

It was Sir Stephen Grey who carried the news to the Chesney family. He went up to Lady Jane's residence, sent in his name, and she came to him. Laura was there now, for Jane had brought her home the previous day.

"I heard you were come," she faltered, shaking hands with Sir Stephen. "What a wretched blow this is to us!"

"Ay, it is indeed," he replied. "But better days may be in store, when time shall have softened down distress, and partially effaced the remembrance of this unhappy man."

"Efface it!" uttered Lady Jane, "how can it efface it? for Laura, it can never be effaced. If—if—he suffers, it will kill her, Sir Stephen. Not the regret for him; I believe she has outlived what affection she once entertained; but the disgrace."

"There will be no further disgrace," said Sir Stephen, leaning towards her, and speaking in a low tone. "I have come up to tell you, Lady Jane."

"What can you mean?" she asked; "he must undergo his trial, and then—we know too well what the result will be. Nothing can save him from standing his trial, Sir Stephen."

"One thing can, my dear lady. Nay—no; I was not thinking of his escape by flight; in these enlightened days that sort of escape is next to impracticable. There is another sort of escape, over which human laws have no control."

Lady Jane sat breathless, silent; she saw he had more to tell.

"I am a bad one at preparing people for ill news," cried Sir Stephen; my brother John and Frederick are worth ten of me. But—always setting his poor unhappy self aside—my news, for you and for his wife, may be regarded as good, not ill. Carlyon is dead, Lady Jane."

She could not speak for a few minutes; she was too agitated.

"How? and when?"

"He was found dead this morning when they went to the room. Not a suicide," he hastened to add, seeing her painfully-stricken countenance; "I do really believe, strange as it is, that he has died a natural death. I casually examined him, and could not discover any sign of poison. Let us hope it, Lady Jane."

"Ay; and pray for it," she whispered.

"He wrote this letter to his wife last night," continued Sir Stephen, putting it into her hand. "Of course you can exercise your own discretion about giving it to her immediately—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Lady Jane, "better get it all over at once. Inhuman, nay, almost wicked, as it may appear to say it, we can but regard his death as a wonderful relief. I can understand you now, Sir Stephen—that better days may be in store for us, when time shall have softened down remembrance."

"For you and for Laura also. Where's Lucy? I must give her one fatherly kiss, ere I go back to town."

Lucy was not up; but Lady Jane sent Judith to say Sir Stephen was coming, she herself proceeding to Laura's room with the letter. The news was gently broken to Laura, and the letter given her; but its tenor offered no information whatever, as to whether the writer contemplated suicide.

"Forgive me, Laura, for the disgrace and wretchedness this will entail upon you. I can no longer fight against fate, and further denial will be useless. What I did, I did in a moment of passion, of anger, of perplexity. I admired her, and was idiot enough to marry her; I mistook admiration for love; but afterwards, when I was introduced to you, I found out my mistake. How passionately I grew to love you, I leave you to remember; and I was already scheming in my heart the ways and means to dissolve my hasty marriage, when she forced herself down to South Wennock. The news of it came upon me like a thunderbolt—the same spot contained *her* and *you!* I dreaded what the consequence might be; that the world might come to know, that you might come to know I was a married man; I dreaded losing you more than aught of evil that could be imagined on earth; and in a moment of desperation—

"But, why did she not tell me her real name? Bad as I may be deemed, I should not have done what I did; I should not have married you, had I known you were her sister. It has come over me often, the thought that you and Lucy were both like her; at times, wonderfully like her, you in action and in the tone of voice, Lucy in the eyes and general expression of the countenance; but I solemnly repeat that I had no conception there was any relationship. You never spoke to me of any other sister than Jane and Lucy; and how could I imagine a lonely governess to be the daughter of the Earl of Oakburn? Wur did she not tell me her true name?

"I could not go to rest without this word of explanation to you. Think of me with as little harshness as you can, Laura.

"Your unhappy husband,

"L. C."

No, there was certainly nothing in the letter to indicate what followed. Laura let it fall on the ground, and buried her misery in the pillow, her sobs choking her. Lady Jane sat by, in deep and melancholy thought.

She had always been of a thoughtful nature, striving to do her duty, whatsoever it might be that lay before her, and though Jane had not been without her trials, great trials, yet she had earned the prize of a peaceful conscience. Laura had been self-willed and disobedient, and what was her reward? Clarice had been self-willed, very self-willed; and disobedient, though in a less degree. The one had married in open defiance, setting at naught the good Commandment of God, Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother; the other had married in secret defiance, equally forgetful of it; and how had they both been recompensed by him, their chosen husband? Indulged, rebellious self-will too surely entails its own lasting punishment: and Jane Chesney sighed deeply as she reflected how very different her sisters' lives might have been, had they so chosen it.

"What do you say to my boyish fancy now, mother?" asked Frederick Grey when they met. "Did I wrong Carlyon, or did I not?"

"Frederick, dear, I am overcome with wonder, with wonder in all ways. How could that terrible man live?—live, and mix with the innocent; one, as of themselves!"

"He must have paid the penalty of his crime over and over again, in dread of discovery, if in nothing else. But I do not believe Carlyon was quite without a conscience; what must that have been to him? The Scarlet Letter 'M,' ever eating into his breast."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION.

A brilliant morning in September, and the neighborhood of Portland Place was gay with spectators, for it had oozed out that a wedding was to take place from the residence of the Countess of Oakburn—that of Frederick Grey with Lady Lucy Chesney.

He was Doctor Grey now, and it was much to be feared that he would soon be Sir Frederick, for Sir Stephen's health was failing, though he was not an old man. He was merry and cheerful as ever, and said that now Frederick had constituted himself an M. D., and was about to settle down by marriage into a respectable member of society, he should give up to him three parts of the worry of the practice, and nurse himself into a young man again.

It was a very quiet wedding. Some half-dozen friends at it only, irrespective of their own two families. Laura was not there; Jane had come to it, but Laura did not. She had led a secluded life at Jane's in the ten months which had elapsed since the death of her husband, and she would not, just yet, emerge from it. Lucy had spent the time with Lady Oakburn, since the latter's return to England in the spring.

The young earl was stronger; would soon be as strong as a little lion, Sir Stephen was wont to say, if they would only not coddle him.

"Mind, Lucy," quoth he, "if you attempt to coddle up your own boys, when they come, like you and my lady have coddled Frank, I shall put in my veto against it. I shall; and so I give you due warning."

Now as this speech was brought out at the wedding-breakfast, just after their return from church, when the pretty gold ring had not been an hour on her finger, no wonder Lucy's eyes were cast down in confusion and her cheeks in a glow, as she sat there in her costly lace robes, her rich white veil, and her bridal wreath. Frederick saw the crimson rise, and his look, half amused, half indignant, was cast across the table to his father, his own cheek not free from a flush.

"You may look, Doctor Grey, but you won't [illegible] shall have as much right in the young Turks as you and Lucy, and I promise you that they shan't be coddled."

"Meanwhile, Sir Stephen," laughed Lady Oakburn, "Lady Jane is sitting by your side with an empty plate."

"I beg Lady Jane's pardon," cried Sir Stephen, merrily, "but they'll want a little keeping in order, those two, and it was as well to let them know there was somebody to undertake it. Frank, what do you want?"

"A piece of wedding-cake, please."

"Now I do protest against that. You must eat the wing of a fowl first, Frank, and the cake afterwards. I know how it is when cake is begun upon; no room or inclination for good strengthening meat. Cakes and sweets and trash—all this comes of coddling. Mind, Lucy, I won't allow cakes, or—"

"I am not coddled," interrupted Frank, opportunely, "and mamma says I shall soon go to Eton."

"The very best place for you. I hope it's true."

"Quite true," said Lady Oakburn, smiling at Sir Stephen. "I think he will make a strong man yet, Sir Stephen, in spite of the 'coddling.'"

"Thanks to me, though, my lady, for keeping the coddling within bounds. Judith! that's never you! in that smart cap!"

Judith laughed, turned and curtsied. She was very smart indeed; her cap a mass of white satin ribbons, and her hands, perhaps for the first time in Judith's life, cased within delicate white kid gloves. Judith, with Lady Oakburn's maid, presided over the chocolate and coffee-table at a distance, in case any guest chose to take a cup, instead of or after their wine.

But the breakfast, cordial and unceremonious, could not last forever, and Lucy retired with her bridesmaids to change her dress for travelling. They were to be absent but a fortnight, Sir Stephen's health could not spare Frederick for a longer period, and the latter week, of that, was to be spent with Jane and Laura, at South Wennock. Both wished it, and Frederick and Lucy had been happy to accede.

"Why can't Lucy come home to-night?" suddenly demanded the young earl.

"Lucy's never coming home again, to live," whispered Frederick, taking the boy on his knee, "she is coming to my house now."

Upon which Lord Oakburn burst into a cry, rubbed his eyes, cried, and rubbed again, until he had rubbed the skin off his cheeks.

Man and wife forever! they had stood side by side at the altar and sworn it, faithfully, earnestly, with a full and steadfast purpose. Not until he had her with him in the chariot, all to himself, could Frederick Grey realise it. She sat by his side in her young beauty, in her deep affection, in her pure modesty, wondering when, if ever, the time would come, that she should dare to tell him how ardently he was loved.

Nine days later they arrived at Lady Jane's. She had returned home the day following the wedding, not to leave Laura alone. They reached her house in time for a late dinner. Lucy was looking well, and radiant with happiness.

In the evening Frederick left them to run down to his uncle's. Laura retired at half-past ten, leaving Jane and Lucy alone.

"Jane, Laura is looking far better than I expected to see her," exclaimed Lucy.

"She is looking remarkably well, and almost as pretty as ever. She will never be so happy as she might have been had her conduct been different, but she will be happy enough yet. I think she will marry again."

"Oh, Jane!"

"Do not mistake me, Lucy. I do not mean to hint that such a thing is in contemplation, only that it is not unlikely to happen with time. She said, one day, that she wished she could put away the hated name of Carlyon. She is to pass next year with Lady Oakburn, you know, and she will there be more in the world. She is young still, very good-looking, of good birth, and upon *her*, personally, there is no slur; altogether, it has struck me as being by no means improbable."

"Jane," said Lucy, awaking from a reverie, "I wonder that you never married. I am sure it must have been your own fault."

A tinge of red came into Jane Chesney's face.

"You are right, dear. I was to have married; and the wedding-day drew very near; and afterwards I broke it off."

"But why?"

"We were attached to each other, too," resumed Lady Jane, in the abstracted tone which proved her thoughts were deep in the past. "He was of good family, but he was not rich; and, after a time, he obtained an appointment in India. That broke it off. The wedding-day was first postponed on account of the death of my mother, and some months afterwards, when we might have married, the post in India was given him. It was a bitter trial, Lucy; I had to choose between him and my father; my mother said to me on her death-bed, 'Stay always with your father, Jane, he will be lost without you when I am gone,' and I promised. She did not know William would be going abroad."

"And you gave him up to remain?"

"Yes. I thought it my duty. And I loved papa almost as well as I did him. I got over it, after a time."

"Where is he now? Perhaps he may come home yet, and marry you."

Jane laughed at Lucy's eagerness. "He has a wife; and children are growing up around them. Lucy, dear, my romance has long ago worn itself out."

There was a silence. Lucy inquired after Mrs. Smith.

"She left the place very soon after you returned to London in the spring. She has gone to Scotland: she said she had more ties there than at home, for her husband's grave was there."

"Jane," resumed Lady Lucy, dropping her voice "was it not a singular coincidence that we all—you, I, papa—took so great a dislike to Mr. Carlyon?"

"It was instinct."

"While Laura and—I suppose—Clarice took as great a liking for him. Oh, what an unhappy thing it was, that Clarice ever went out!"

"Regrets will not mend it, Lucy. She opposed us all when she did so. Aunt Oakburn—I don't know whether you heard of that—offered her a home in her house, rather than that she should do so; but Clarice preferred being what she called independent. Do not let us talk of it."

"Have I any one to ask after? Fat Mrs. Pepperfly. How is she?"

"Blooming, if size is a criterion."

"Jane, shall you always live here?"

"I cannot tell, Lucy. When you and Frederick shall be settled in London, and when Frank shall be growing older, then, perhaps, I shall want to come amongst you again, and may take a house there. Otherwise I am attached to South Wennock, and I have my pensioners here, who would nearly break their hearts if I quitted them. I must leave it to the future."

It struck eleven, and Lucy rose to retire.

"I will go on," she said: "Frederick is staying later than I thought."

Jane fondly kissed her.

"Lucy, I can see that you are happy," and a bright smile and a brighter blush answered her words. "My child, take a caution from me," proceeded Lady Jane. "Have no concealments from your husband, and never disobey him."

"There is no need to *tell* me, Jane," interrupted Lucy, with surprise: "how could I do either?"

"No, there is little need, for I believe that you and Frederick are essentially one, and will live so. But I would remind you, my dear, that concealment or disobedience (following upon their rebellious marriages) brought the ill upon Laura and upon Clarice. Had Clarice not come, as she did, to South Wennock, in all probability her tragical death would never have occurred; and she came in direct disobedience to the will and command of her husband. Had Laura not gone in a sly way, forcing her husband's private places, and prying into them her heart full of deceit towards him, the awful disclosure might never have burst upon her. Be you cautious, dear; love, reverence, and obey your husband."

Frederick came in soon after, and Lady Lucy dismissed her maid.

"Did you think I was lost, Lucy?"

"No: I only thought you were very long. Have you said good-night to Jane? She is still in the drawing-room."

"Yes, I went in for a minute, as I came up stairs. They would not let me come away: hid my hat, in fact, some of John's young ones. He had much to ask me about my father's health: and Lycett and his wife were spending the evening there. I don't know what good wishes for luck," he added, drawing her to him, "they do not send to Lady Lucy Grey."

She laughed.

"Jane has been giving me a lecture, Frederick. Never to disobey you, never to have any concealments from you. I told her it was not needed."

"My darling!"

"She bade me love and reverence you. Oh, Frederick, my husband!" she added, in an impassioned tone, clinging fondly to him, "I do love you; I do reverence you;—far better than Jane has any idea of!"

He held her to him; he felt her heart beat against his; he covered her face with his warm kisses.

"Once, in this room, I passed some miserable hours, Frederick. I feared that our love must be at an end—that you would not have me."

"Lucy!" he uttered, reproach in his voice.

"It was that miserable, miserable day when Mr. Carlyon was taken. News was brought to us in the evening that there could be no escape for him: that he would have to suffer death upon the public scaffold. How could I think you would take to be your wife, one who's sister's husband had been—hung?"

"And so you passed a miserable night—tormenting yourself for nothing!"

"Ay, that I did."

He raised her face to his, to where he could look in it.

"You thorough—little—goose! Oh, my wife! my second self," he continued in an altered tone, as he kissed away the tears which had risen, and were wetting her cheeks, "how could you doubt me? Had every relative you possessed come to disgrace, it would only have left the greater reason why I should shelter you. Lucy, my darling, you know it now."

"Yes, yes," she breathed, "I do know it. Jane need not have given me the caution to love and obey you: I shall love, and reverence and obey you forever; for I know you will not give me cause to fail."

"Never," he whispered. "My dear wife! my companion, my friend for this world! my cheerer-on, my gentle encourager to strive and hope for life in the next! I will never fail you, by the blessing of God."

THE END.

A Russian officer in the Ural Mountains, remarked to a recent traveller, who took notice of the continual card-playing going on wherever he went,—"In England you have papers and periodicals, a literature unequalled, and the liberty of discussing every subject with freedom; if we had such things to occupy our minds we should not care for cards."

Which is the way to health, the Hydropath, the Allo-path, or the Homœ-path? Where there are so many *paths*, it is hard to know which to follow.

"Don't you think there is rather too much *warmth* about this picture?" said an artist to a lady, whose portrait he had painted. "No, indeed," said she, "not half an enough, and so I'll throw the thing in the fire."

A melancholy case of an apoplectic baker falling in a fit into his large dough-trough, and suffocating, is given in the papers. He wasn't, probably, kneaded here below, or he would have risen.

First Clerk. "I say, Jack, I had game for dinner yesterday." Second Clerk. "Yes; I understand—a pint of porter and a game of billiards—that's your game dinner."

The editor of a paper in Ohio has had a fine shirt collar presented to him, and is now waiting for some one to give him a shirt, so that he may be able to put the collar to some use, saying that, at present, it is a perfect superfluity.

We never read a certain patent pill advertisement bearing the startling caution, "Take them and live; neglect them and die!" without thinking that the words import precisely the demand of the highwayman. "Your money or your life!"

A clergyman, while engaged in catechising a number of boys in a class, asked one of them the definition of matrimony. The reply was, "A place of punishment, where some folks suffer for a time before they can go to heaven."

A student went into a bookstore and inquired of the proprietor if he had any pocket Testaments in Greek. "In Greek!" echoed our good friend, hesitatingly; "I believe not, sir, but I have a lot of elegant ones in morocco."

A celebrated judge, who stooped very much when walking, had a stone thrown at him one day, which fortunately passed over him without hitting him. Turning to his friend, he remarked, "Had I been an upright judge, that might have caused my death!"

"I ain't going to be called a printer's devil any longer—no more I ain't!" exclaimed our imp, the other day, in a great pucker.—"Well, what shall we call you?" "Call me a typographic spirit of evil, if you please—that's all!"

Men are said to admire that which they look up to, and to love that which they look down upon.

It has been well observed that advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it.

IDLENESS AND POVERTY.—To be idle and to be poor have always been reproaches; and therefore every man endeavors with the utmost care to hide his poverty from others, and his idleness from himself.

We should be willing to feed a thousand sparrows with all the cherries their little crops can carry for the sake of that very truth which God has associated with their name, and which they recite to us every day.

ANTICIPATING EVIL.—Enjoy the present, whatever it may be, and not be solicitous for the future; for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to morrow's event, you are in a restless condition. It is like refusing to quench your present thirst by fearing you will want drink the next day. If it be well to-day, it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing that it may be ill to-morrow. He therefore, is wise who enjoys as much as possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof;" sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be, and what will never be, our load will be intolerable as it is unreasonable.

NEWS ITEMS.

A SINGLE pound of steel, costing but fifty cents, is manufactured into one hundred thousand screws, which are worth eleven hundred dollars.

DIVORCES BY THE WHOLESALE.—The St. Joseph (Mo.) West says the Kansas Legislature, at its last session, granted *one hundred and fifty bills of divorcement in forty days*—finally the Legislature quit the retail business, and the House concluded to do a wholesale operation, and immediately passed a bill divorcing all married people in the Territory.

AMERICAN GUANO.—A bill amending the Act of 1856, has passed the United States Senate by a very large vote, providing for the inspection of American Guanos, to be made at the expense of importers, under direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Thus, farmers will know the exact value of the article they purchase.

THE Prince of Wales, the other day, being out hunting, rode with his party into the farm yard of a sturdy farmer named Hedges, who made them pay a sovereign for damages to his fields before he would let them out. Upon being informed that he was detaining the future King of England, he remarked, "Prince or no prince, I'll have my money."

THE bill admitting Kansas into the Union has passed the House of Representatives by yeas 134 to nays 73. It has yet to pass the Senate.

AMONG the novelties recently introduced in ladies' apparel, is a new article of suspenders. They bear resemblance to those worn by gentlemen, except that they are made of delicate, white, elastic fabric, with frilled edge, about one inch wide, and are attached to the skirts by buttons in like manner, with a view to relieve the waist of the burden which those habiliments necessarily produce.

A PEASANT named Bley, was, a short time ago, tried by the Court of Assizes of the Aveyron, for the murder of one of his children, a boy five years of age. He had deliberately strangled the child, and had declared to his neighbors that a father had a right to wring the necks of his children when he had too many, provided he took the precaution of first having them baptized, so as to secure them the joys of heaven. The jury, though bringing in a verdict of guilty, said there were extenuating circumstances, and the court condemned him to hard labor for life.

SEVEN hundred industrious individuals gain a respectable (!) livelihood in the State of Ohio by manufacturing counterfeit money.

THE Charleston (S. C.) News says the hotels will not use a bedstead during the sitting of the Convention, but will put up cots instead, thereby preventing the delegates from sleeping double, and private conversations from being divulged, as in the case of Botts and Tyler.

IN relation to the difficulty between Pryor, of Virginia, and Potter, of Wisconsin, the last report from Washington is that Potter, (the challenged party) chose bowie-knives for the weapons, which Mr. Pryor's second (Chisman of Va.,) declined as barbarous. Col. Lander (of Mass.), Potter's second, then offered to fight Mr. Pryor with any weapon, which offer was declined, as Mr. Pryor had no cause of difficulty with Col. Lander.

MISS NIGHTINGALE, says an English paper, still remains in a feeble state, and is compelled to remain generally in a recumbent position.—Though weak in body, she is, however, strong in her mental powers, and pursues her humanizing designs with much spirit and industry.

THE Patent Office has received several of the choicest varieties of grape slips from Hungary, which it is proposed to have propagated under the direction of that office, in order to determine their adaptabilility to the soil of the different States. The fruit of these vines is said to be superior to anything of the kind grown in this country, either for wine making or for table use.

ON Monday, a man and woman were arraigned in the Criminal Court at Boston, on a charge of adultery. The man pleaded not guilty, and the woman responded: "In the sight of my God and my conscience I am *not* guilty, but in the sight of the law I *am* guilty." The counsel for the woman stated that she was laboring under a delusion induced by Spiritualism; a plea of not guilty was entered, and the case was set down for trial.

A CHICAGO WAGER.—One of the most singular wagers we ever heard of was made in Chicago on the day before the municipal election in that city. The bet was between a Water street merchant and Ned Osborne, of the Tremont House, the largest cigar and tobacco dealer in the city, and was to the effect that if Wentworth was not elected, Osborne should have the privilege of kicking the Water street merchant aforesaid from the Tremont House to Springer street. The day after the election, the merchant having lost, came to Osborne's store, and presented his person to him for the contemplated kicks, and demanded that Osborne should take the stakes. Osborne had been training his right leg all the previous day, and had armed his foot with a heavy cowhide boot, with soles as thick as two clapboards. The merchant started up by the Tremont, Osborne delivering a heavy kick as he started, but drew back his foot with a spasmodic action and paroxysm of countenance absolutely pitiful. He tried another one, but the loser flinched not, and kept on his way undisturbed by the volley he had received. The result of this was worse than the first, and he fairly curled up on the ground and howled with pain. The merchant stopped and calmly inquired:

"Why don't you take the stakes?"

"What have you got in the basement of your pants?" cried Ned.

"Milwaukee bricks," shouted the merchant; "and we aren't within a mile of Springer street."

Osborne subsided, paid the champagne, and has been wearing a list slipper ever since.—*Buffalo Republic.*

PASSING A WEDDING NIGHT IN THE SNOW.—A strange adventure attended a wedding party from Whitstable on Monday week. A young man named Kemp, with his aunt and father, left here early in the morning, in a conveyance drawn by two horses, for the purpose of being married to a young woman named Austen, a resident at Canterbury. The marriage ceremony was performed at the church of St. Mary, Bredin, and all passed on pleasantly enough until the evening, when the party (now increased to four) left Canterbury about nine o'clock, in the same manner in which they had arrived; but the snow in the interim had materially interfered with the traffic on the road, and their progress homeward was far from rapid or safe. Still they went on, and had reached within two miles of Whitstable, when the driver announced that it was impossible to go on with the conveyance any farther; and, taking the horses out, he proceeded with them to Whitstable, leaving the marriage party to pass the night in the snow. Here they remained until nearly nine o'clock on Tuesday morning, when they were safely conveyed to their destination.—*English Paper.*

THE HOME OF BYRON FOR SALE.—Newstead Abbey, the venerable home of Lord Byron, is to be sold by auction next June, to settle the estate of Colonel Wildman, its last owner. The domain contains about three thousand two hundred and twenty-six acres, of which the park, enclosed with a stone wall occupies about eight hundred and eighty-one acres; the woods and plantations within the park are about one hundred and ninety-six acres, and without the park about six hundred and eighteen acres, and stored with game of every description; and the extensive lakes, together about forty-eight acres, are well-stocked with fish, and abound with wild fowl.

DRUNKENNESS IN EUROPE.—The Rev. Theodore Parker, in one of his letters from Europe, says:—"In Europe you see many things which seems strange to an American. Take the use of wine. If I am right, the Europeans consume about 6,500,000,000 gallons of wine. In France, leave out of account the pasture land which is not ploughed, and the forests, of the actual arable land, one-third is devoted to the culture of the grape! Yet there are immense districts where no wine can be raised at all. I see it stated that the government returns make it appear that the people of France drink 850,000,000 gallons of wine, and the calculation is that the amount is not much less than 1,000,000,000! Yet I don't believe, in the year 1859, there was so much drunkenness among the 39,000,000 people of France as among the 3,000,000 Yankees of New England.

"I have been four months at Rome; there are wine shops everywhere; I am out of doors from three to six hours a day, and I have never yet seen a man drunk; now and then one is merry, never intoxicated. The Romans, Italians, French, &c., are quite temperate; they drink their weak wine with water, and when they take liquors, it is only a little glassful at a time (which does not make a spoonful.) I don't believe there is a bar in all Italy where men step up and drink rum and water, gin and water, &c. Excessive drinking is not to the taste of the people. In the North of Europe, and even in Switzerland, it is not so. The English, without help from the Irish and Scotch, drink about 600 or 700,000,000 gallons of beer every year, not to speak of the wine, spirits, &c., they take to wash it down withal. There is drunkenness.

"So you find it in Scandinavia, in Holland and North Germany. How do you think the Americans will settle the drink question? Certainly, not by taking merely to water, tea, coffee, &c. We shall have more beer, perhaps return to the making of cider, and certainly plant vines where they will grow. Drunkenness is such a monstrous and ghastly evil, I would do almost anything to get rid of it. But I sometimes think we have taken the wrong track. I am glad to see the license law introduced to the New York Legislature, and I think it will do more good than our New England scheme of prohibition by force."

☞ Our fair cousin Fanny (we dare not give her surname,) says she really *is* surprised at the *ridiculous* complaints which men keep making about crinoline; for of course they *must* admit that the widest of wide petticoats cover but *two feet!*

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 207—Adults 86, and children 121.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—With continued light receipts and a moderate export demand, holders of Flour have put up their prices 12½@25c ₱ bbl since the close of last week, and some 9000 bbls have been disposed of, in lots, at from $5,75@6 for mixed and good straight superfine; $6@6,37½ for extra, the latter for choice Lancaster county; $6,25@6,75 for extra family, and $7@7,50 for fancy brands, including some scraped at $5,50 ₱ bbl; at the close $6 was the uniform asking rate for standard superfine, and a moderate business doing. The trade have been buying in lots, as wanted, at the above figures for superfine, extras and fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour is firmer, and about 600 bbls sold at $4,25. Corn Meal is more active, with sales of about 1000 bbls Pennsylvania at $3,50@3,62½, the latter for better brands, and 2800 bbls Brandywine at a price kept private.

GRAIN—The market has been poorly supplied with Wheat, and prices are 4@5c ₱ bus better. The sales include about 20,000 bus in lots, at $1,45@1,50 for common to good and choice reds, and $1,65@1,70 for white, closing with a fair demand for milling, at our highest figures. Rye is better and very scarce, and all offered sold at 86@90c, the latter for prime heavy lots. Corn has improved, and about 30,000 bus yellow found buyers at 73@75c for prime lots, and 60@70c for damaged, as to condition, including white at 74c. Oats are in steady demand, and some 17,000 bus were disposed of at 44½@45c for Delaware, and 45½@47c for Pennsylvania, mostly at 46c. Barley and Malt continue inactive, but without any change to notice, and further sales of the former are reported at 80c.

PROVISIONS—The market for all kinds remains inactive, but without any material variation to note in bbld Meats, Mess Pork selling in a small way at $18@18,50, and Prime at $14,50. A sale of the former, heavy city packed Mess, was made at $18,75 ₱ bbl, on time, and some Beef Rounds at $17 ₱ bbl. City packed Mess Beef is selling in a small way for ship stores at $14@16 ₱ bbl. Bacon moves off in lots as wanted, chiefly to go South, at 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders. Hams are steady at 10½@12½c for plain and fancy canvassed. Green Meats are firm, with sales to some extent to note at from 9½ to 10c for Hams, in salt and pickle, at 9½c for Sides, in salt, and 7½@7¾c for Shoulders, cash and time. Of Lard, which is firmer and more active, about 1000 bbls and tes have been disposed of in lots at 11½@11¾c, and 2000 kegs, part at 11½@12½c, and part on terms kept private, all on the usual credit. Butter rules dull, and packed sells slowly at 10@10½c. We quote Grease at 8@8½c, and Roll at 16@18c, and rather more doing in the latter. Cheese is scarce, and selling as wanted at 12@13c ₱ lb for prime. Eggs are unchanged, and bring 12½@13c ₱ dozen, in lots.

COTTON—Buyers have come forward slowly and the market has been quiet this week, prices ruling about the same. The sales, comprising about 1100 bales, mostly of the latter descriptions, at from 7½ to 12½c for inferior and stained to middling fair Uplands, and from 11 to 13c for Gulfs, cash and time.

BARK is scarce and wanted, and all offered, some 70 hhds, have been sold at $29@30 for 1st No 1, which is an advance.

BEESWAX—There is very little doing, and good yellow is quoted at 35c ₱ lb, and but very little offering.

COAL continues dull, orders come in slowly, and prices are unchanged, with a small business doing for the season, chiefly to go East, at previous rates.

COFFEE—The stock having been increased by the recent arrivals, the market has been firm but rather quiet at the late advance. Sales of some 4500 bags are reported, principally Rio, part at 11c and part on terms kept private, including Laguayra at the same rate, and Java at 16½c, all on the usual terms.

COPPER continues dull, but without any particular change to note in price or demand.

FEATHERS come in slowly, and there is a limited business only to note in Western at 46@48c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is dull; Apples selling slowly at 5@6c. as to lots; and Peaches, which are very scarce, at from 10 to 12c for unpared, and 13@17c ₱ lb for pared.

HEMP is unchanged, and a small business doing, most of the stock being in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES—The stock has been increased by another arrival from Porto Cabello, but no sales have been made public, the dealers not being disposed to buy or sell largely, in the present unsettled state of the trade.

HOPS continue dull, and good Eastern and Western move off slowly at 14@15c ₱ lb as to quality.

IRON—The market for this staple continues almost at a stand still, but without any alteration to note in prices, and we are only advised of sales of some 800 tons Anthracite Pig Metal, in lots, at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time, at which rates holders generally are free sellers. Scotch Pig is also quiet, and prices about the same. Blooms and Boiler Plates continue dull.

LEAD is firmer and rather more active, with a reduced stock to operate in. About 200 pigs Virginia sold at $5,80, and 2200 pigs Galena, since, the latter to arrive, at equal to $5,92½ the 100 lbs, cash.

LEATHER—There is not much doing, but good stock continues firm, and a moderate business only to notice in both Sole and Slaughter.

LUMBER—The demand is fair for the season, with further sales of White Pine Boards at $14@17; Yellow Sap do at $14@16, and Lehigh Hemlock at $10½@11. All the Hemlock raft lumber was closed out at $7,50 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is better and more active, with sales of about 800 bbls New Orleans to note at 46@47c, mostly at the latter. A cargo of ordinary Sagua also sold at 29c; one of Cienfuegos at 34@36½c, and some Trinidad at 32@33c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER meets with a fair inquiry, and cargo rates are reported at $3,75@4 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—The market for most kinds has been very quiet, the active season being about over, and Cloverseed has been selling moderately at $4,25@4,50 ₱ bus; at the close, however, prime lots are scarce, and generally held higher. Timothy is quoted at $3@3,25 ₱ bus, and very little selling. Domestic Flaxseed comes in slowly, and sells at $1,60@1,62 ₱ bus; of Red Top, some 600 sacks sold at $2,10 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—Brandies are quiet, owing to the firmness of holders, and there is not much doing. Gins remain unchanged; N E Rum is also steady at 35@36c. Whiskey has been moving off more freely, but at rather lower prices, Penna bbls selling at 21@21½c, Western do 22@22½c, Drudge 19½@20c, and hhds at 20½@21c.

SUGARS have been dull, but the market closed with a little better feeling, and more inquiry from the trade; sales comprise about 700 hhds, in lots, at from 6½ to 7¼c for Cuba, 6 to 7¼c for New Orleans, and 7@8c for Porto Rico, all on the usual credit.

TALLOW is dull and rather lower, city selling at 10½c, and country at 10c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—There is very little doing in either Leaf or Manufactured, and no alteration in the market.

WOOL—The stock is much reduced and prices somewhat irregular, but there has been rather more doing this week. Sales comprise about 100,000 lbs, mostly fine fleece, part on terms we did not learn, and part at 55c ₱ lb.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1800 head. The prices ranged from $8 to 10 ₱ 100 lbs. Cows—200 at from $20@45 ₱ head. Hogs—1302 head—for still fed Hogs $7½@8¼, and corn fed $8@9 ₱ 100 lbs, nett.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 14.—BREADSTUFFS firm—Sales of 9500 bbls at $5,30@5,35 for State, and $6@6,15 for Ohio. Southern has advanced 5c; sales at $6,20@6,30. Wheat is firm; sales of 15,000 bus at $1,25½@1,27½ for Milwaukee Club, and 123@125c for Chicago spring. Corn quiet. Pork quiet. Lard quiet at 10½@10½c. Whiskey dull.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. F. J. Barbelin, FRANCIS A. DREXEL, to EMMA M. daughter of Michael Bouvier, Esq.

In the First M. E. Church of Germantown, on the evening of the 9th instant, by the Rev. J. H. Alday, Mr. WILLIAM T. HIGGATE, to Miss MARY SWAIN, both of Germantown.

Oct. 2d, 1859, by the Rev. J. H. Turner, Mr. RUSLING BIGNELL, to Miss ANNA T. BECK, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Patton, Mr. ROBERT CROSS, of Columbia, Tenn., to Mrs. HANNAH KERR, of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. F. T. Cailhopper, Mr. EPHRAIM S. AYRES, to Mrs. PRISCILLA S. LOCK, both of Gloucester county, N. J.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. John Kelly, Mr. CHARLES H. SCANLAN, to Miss ANNIE M. FITZPATRICK.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Mason, Mr. WILLIAM MORROW, to SARAH A. WOODWARD.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

After a short illness, JAMES D. CAMPBELL, in his 24th year, youngest son of James Campbell, late of Summer Hill, county Donegal, Ireland.

On the morning of the 7th instant, at her residence in Chester county, Pa., MARGARET, wife of Gen. Malin, in her 73d year.

Of apoplexy, on the 8th instant, LUTHER R. BEUBLER, in his 29th year.

On the 6th instant, near Doylestown, Bucks co. (at the homestead where he was born,) NATHANIEL SHEWELL, in his 90th year. In early life he was a prominent and useful citizen of the county, and filled many of its most important offices.

On the 10th instant, Mrs. SARAH B. CORWIN, in her 63d year.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. MARY A. DAVIS, in her 78th year.

Suddenly, on the 10th instant, REBECCA THOMPSON, in her 36th year, daughter of Rachel and the late Thomas Middleton.

On the 7th instant, CHARLES THOMPSON, in his 59th year.

On the 8th instant, Mrs ISABELLA B. LAMB, widow of the late Peter Lamb, Sr. aged 80 years.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 12 ♂		
" " '62	10½	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" " '74 coupon '74	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	103½	103½
" " new	103½	103½
" "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	7*	—
" " coupon	40	—
All'g City 6 pr ct	80	75
" County "	—	—
" R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" "	96½	—
Tenn 6 "	91¼	92
" 5 " coupon	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	92¾	—
Ohio " 1856	93½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99½
" 6 "	96	—
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct		
new bonds	92½	92
N Y City, 87-8	1*	110
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	135	140
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	58	60½
Commercial	45½	—
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	89	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	54	55
Girard	47½	—
Western	—	23
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	—	25½
Commonwealth	27	27½
Corn Exchange	29½	—
Germantown	—	48
Pittsburg, Pitt'g	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	102	—
Northern "	128	—
Louisville "	135	—
Farmers "	118	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	83	—
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	101	—
Com A & R R Bank,	—	—
Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	28½	—
Lehigh Z no	—	—
New Creek	—	5
New Grenada	—	1
N America Ins'ce	17	20
N Liberty Gas	30	—
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	93	93½

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	—	101
2nd "	100	81
stock	—	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	127½	127¾
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	—	90
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '66	71½	72
stock	29½	29¾
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	89	90
stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	39	40
6 pr ct loan, '60	95½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	98	—
Tioga R R '75	—	85
Wilmn & Elmira 7's 1st mort	85	88
2nd "	11½	13
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	—	1
Beaver Meadow stock	59	59½
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	8	9½
6 pr ct loan	66½	69
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	47½	48
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	57½	57½
Har & Lan R R stock	55½	56
Del Div '83	99	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	15	15
Long Island R R stock	11½	12½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	67½	68
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	72½	—
imp. 6 pr ct	89	—
stock	—	34
preferred	17½	18
Lehigh Nav stock	—	42½
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	31	33
Morris Consol'd	50	—
preferred	108½	110
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	79	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	3½	3
bonds, 1878	30	—

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 14, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 2½ dis
DELAWARE		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		LOUISIANA	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	OHIO.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
VERMONT		Solv bks	3½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	MISSOURI.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks	½ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	¾ to 1 dis	TEXAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	CANADA	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¾ to 1½ dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	¼ dis		

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"President of the Troy University, and Pastor of St. Paul's Church, (Methodist Episcopal,) N. Y.

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This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and necessarily as a perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their Watches in many instances by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best marine chronometer.

N. B.—We have just introduced a *new style* of Watch, elaborately finished, and thinner than any we have hitherto produced, with several improvements calculated to insure the greatest accuracy of performance, and to prevent the usual accidents and derangements to which foreign watches are liable.

LETTER FROM PAUL MORPHY, THE CELEBRATED CHESS PLAYER.

New York, Oct. 5, 1859.

MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.—Dear Sir:—The American watch, No. 9240, presented me by the New York Chess Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than a quarter of a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 3 correctly:

June 15	fast 2 secs.	August 15	fast 9 secs.
July 1	fast 3 secs.	September 1	fast 12 secs.
July 15	fast 5 secs.	September 15	fast 14 secs.
August 1	fast 8 secs.	October 1	fast 16 secs.

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly, PAUL MORPHY.

FROM GENERAL MORRIS, OF THE HOME JOURNAL.

New York, Jan. 23, 1860.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.

Dear Sir:—The American watch made by your Company, which I have had in constant use for about a year, has kept excellent time and sustains your guaranty. It seems to be less disturbed by horseback and railroad-car jolting than the generality of foreign watches. Respectfully yours, GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Book Room, No. 200 Mulberry St., New York, Feb. 6, 1860.

R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.

Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last ten months I have carried a watch from the manufactory of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supercede all others. JAMES FLOY, D. D.

LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. PRIME, EDITOR NEW YORK OBSERVER.

New York, Feb. 21, 1860.

The American Watch Company.

Gentlemen:—I have worn one of your American watches for the last six months, and I am greatly pleased with it. It keeps time to my entire satisfaction. Yours truly, S. I. PRIME.

Wilton Bluff, S. C., Oct. 20, 1859.

R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.

Dear Sir:—The three watches of your manufacture which I purchased to be used on my plantation, have proved to be the most correct time-keepers I have ever known. I gave my head servant, my head carpenter, and my head engineer each one of them; and since they have been in their respective possession, everything on the plantation has moved like clock-work, in consequence of the extreme accuracy and regularity with which these watches perform. Truly yours, LEWIS MORRIS.

Chicago, Ill., March, 1860.

American Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

I have tested with extreme care the running of the watch I bought of you, now nearly a year since, and so accurate and equable has been its performance that I have thought it would interest you, and all others familiar with horology to see a record of its variations. It was finally set to true time, after it had been regulating in my possession for three months.

June 5	lost 4 sec.	October 1	lost 8 sec.
August 15	lost 6 sec.	December 15	lost 9 sec.

Since which time its average monthly variation has not exceeded six seconds. NORMAN WIARD.

CAUTION.—As our watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a certificate of genuineness, bearing the number of the watch and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. Robbins, or by our predecessors, Appleton, Tracy & Co.

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3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4

Wit and Humor.

An Enormous Lie.—Judge M———, late of Mississippi, who was a gentleman remarkable for a proclivity to exaggerate and tell hard stories, on one occasion was seated in front of the principal hotel in Clinton, amusing a group of gentlemen with his peculiar narratives, when he delivered himself as follows: "Gentlemen, in East Tennessee, where I was raised, I knew a man who had the most astonishing strength in his jaws and teeth of any man that ever lived. I saw him once standing on the sunny side of a barn, with his old wool hat under his arm, filled with black walnuts, and, he just put them in his mouth and cracked them as easily as one of you could crack a chestnut!" The auditors exchanged looks of incredulity. A quizzical and facetious blade, known as Kentucky Sachelford, was present, and heard the Judge's story, and remarked:

"No doubt, Judge, of the truth of all you have said. Some men are remarkably strong. Now, in South Carolina where I lived, one of my neighbors was noted for the extraordinary muscular strength of his arm. I remember to have seen him take a hard pine knot, place it in the hollow of his arm at the elbow, and by suddenly bringing his fore arm upward, he split the knot into splinters and pressed out all the turpentine in a stream!"

The narrative of Kentuck was received with peals of laughter. Judge M——— became indignant, and springing to his feet with clenched fist, and flaming eyes, exclaimed:

"*Kentuck, that's an enormous lie!*"

A Fair Retort.—At the assize at Nass, many years back, while Mr. Parsons was addressing the court, an ass in the street happened to bray so loudly as to interrupt the learned gentleman; whereupon the Judge, Lord Norbury, said, "One at a time, gentlemen—one at a time if you please." This sally caused much merriment in the court, but did not in the least discompose Mr. Parsons, who pursued the tenor of his discourse as if nothing of the kind had happened. He was not, however, insensible to the merit of the joke, nor willing to let it go unrewarded, and an opportunity was soon afforded him of giving a "Roland for an Oliver." When his lordship was charging the jury, the same ass who seemed fond of the vicinity of the court, brayed again, and "deeper and deeper still." At this moment the Judge was so entirely taken up with the business in progress, that he quite forgot his own joke, and startled at the sound of *Neddy's* sweet voice, he hastily said, "What's that—what noise is that?" "It is only the echo of *the court*, my lord," said Mr. Parsons, gravely. The justice and excellence of this retort were acknowledged by the loud and continued peals of laughter with which the court resounded, and in which the Judge himself could not refrain from joining.

A Bad Complaint.—The first physician in a certain case was discharged by his patient because he was candid enough to tell the patient *he had a sore throat; and the second doctor* having some hint of the fact, answered the sick man, when questioned, that his case was highly abnormal, and had degenerated into synanche tonsilaris, "Oh, doctor," cried the patient, "do say that word again."—"Why, sir, I said that you were at present laboring under synanche tonsilaris."—"Why, think, doctor, that fool told me I had nothing but a sore throat, and I told him I had no use for such a dunce. Doctor, what did you call it?"—"I told you sir, in plain terms, that the morbid condition of your system was obvious, and that it had terminated in synanche tonsilaris."—"Oh, doctor it must be a monstrous bad complaint, think you can cure me, doctor?"—"Now, though your diagnosis is clear, your case is doubtful, yet I think, by prudent care and skilful treatment, you may recover." "Oh, well, doctor, do stay all night, and I will pay you anything you ask."

Pikett Well Done.—Not many weeks ago, a rifle corps, which had just been formed in a manufacturing town in the north of England, held a meeting for the purpose of choosing officers. It was known that there were many candidates for the office, but the exact state of the case was not understood until the time of election. It was then proposed that all those desirous of becoming officers should leave the room, when, to the general astonishment, it was found that only three members of the company were left to proceed with business. The three gentlemen left to do the work, however, did not flinch from their duty; and on those who had retired being summoned back to the room, they were informed that the meeting had felt great difficulty in making a selection among so many eligible candidates, and that the meeting had adopted the most obvious way of escaping the difficulty *by electing themselves to the vacant posts.*

Rather a Blunder.—The Rev. Mr. Barrot is making quite a stir in this Western town of ours. I went to hear him last Sabbath evening, having no service in my own house. He sometimes gets on a high horse, and blazes away without much regard to the logical connection of his remarks. Now he was holding forth on the power of virtue, which is to be tested by its resistance of temptation. "Look at me!" he said, "I do not indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks; I do not beat my wife; I do not defraud my creditors; I do not murder my neighbors! You may say, indeed, '*These things thou oughtest to have done*, and not leave others undone!'"

He saw by the start which his hearers gave that he had made a slip, but he soon picked himself up and rode on as contentedly as before.

Grocer.—"Well, Augustus, you have been an apprentice now these three months, and have seen the several departments in our line of business; I wish now to give you a choice of occupation."

Apprentice.—"Thank'ee, sir."

Grocer.—"Well, now, what part of the business do you like best?"

Gus.—(With a sharpness beyond his age.) "Shutting up, sir."

A Good Joke on the Water Cure Doctors.—This story, goes that a lover of the chase, who was somewhat addicted to the pleasures of the table, and loved more glasses of port wine than was quite good for him, consulted a hydropathic Galen respecting some symptoms in his kitchen department which were beginning to give him alarm. The doctor recommended the application of the wet bandage to his stomach at bedtime, there to remain until the following morning. "I will see you to-morrow," added he, "when I shall be better able to judge of your symptoms." At night our hero, having saturated the folds of linen in cold spring water, began the application as directed, but the shock to his internal economy being greater than he had bargained for, he bethought himself of taking of the chill by re-dipping the bandage into water in which there was a certain portion of his favorite beverage. Having thus made things rather more comfortable, he awaited the doctor's visit the next morning. "Show me your bandage," was almost the learned man's first exclamation. It was produced. The doctor regarded its discolorations for a moment with feelings of lively satisfaction, and then, solemnly addressing his patient, who had some difficulty in retaining his gravity, "I thought so, sir," he said; "this is the port wine you have drunk for the last twenty years coming out."—*Reminiscences of the Late Thomas Assheton Smith.*

The Cut Direct.—A Mr. Mewins was courting a young lady of some attractions, and something of a fortune into the bargain. After a liberal arrangement had been made for the young lady by her father, Mr. Mewins demanded a little brown mare, to which he had taken a particular fancy; and this being positively refused, the match was broken off. After a couple of years, the parties accidentally met at a country ball; Mr. Mewins was quite willing to renew the engagement; the lady appeared to have not the slightest recollection of him. "Surly you have not forgotten me?" "What name, sir?" she inquired. "Mewins," he replied; "I had the honor of paying my addresses to you about two years ago." "I remember a person of that name," she rejoined, "who paid his addresses *to my father's brown mare.*"

A Colored Divine.—A negro preacher, who, like some other preachers, was in the habit of using big words, but did not always succeed in getting hold of the right one, made a funny mistake once. His text was, "Broad is the road that leadeth to death, and many there be who go there; but narrow is the way that leadeth to life, and few there be who take it." Beloved brudders, thar be two roads, ebbery body goes in one or udder ob'em; thar's one road and dat am de broad road, and dat leads right down to damnation, and a grate many goes in it; but dar am anudder road, and dat am de narrer road, dat leads straight up to perdition." "If dat's de case," said an excited colored brother in the congregation, "dis nigga cuts for de woods."

George the Third on the Courage of his Family.—He observed that he could not bear that any of his family should want courage. To which I replied I hoped his Majesty would *excuse me if I said I thought a proper attention* to prevent the ill effects of an accident that *had* happened, was no symptom of a want of courage. He then said, with some warmth, "Perhaps it may be so; but I thank God there is but one of my children that wants courage, and I will not name him, *because he is to succeed me.*"—*Diaries and Correspondence of George Rose.*

Little Tokens of Affection.—The custom of allowing the nails to grow as a proof of freedom from the necessity of working, which is most absurdly identified with gentility, is not peculiar to China. In some parts of Italy the nails of the left hand are never cut till they begin to break, and a Lombard of my acquaintance once presented me a huge nail which he had just cut, and which I must do him the justice to say was perfectly white. I admired it and threw it away. "What!" cried he, indignantly, "is that the way you receive the greatest proof of friendship which a man can give you!" and he then explained to me that in his native provinces the nail held the same place as a lock of hair with us. I really doubt which has the preference, and whether a lothario's desk filled with little oily packets of different colored hair, is at all more romantic than a box of beloved finger nails. Certainly there is beauty in a long silken tress, the golden tinge reminding us of the fair head of some lost child so like its mother's, or in the rich dark curl that, in the boldest hour of love, we raped from her head, who was then so confidently ours, and now—What is she now? But even this fancy can take a very disagreeable form, and what can we say to an ardent, hopeless lover whom I once knew, and who I was assured gave a guinea to a lady's maid for the stray hairs left in her mistress' comb.

Antiques.—In no particular has the present generation become more fastidious than in what is requisite for the use of ladies in their own dressing-rooms. Essences, powders, pastes, washes for the hair, washes for the skin, recall the days of one's grandmother, when such appurtenances were thought essential, and were essential—for our great grandmothers were not rigid in points of personal cleanliness; and it is only uncleanliness that requires scents to conceal it, and applications to repair its ravages. Our great-grandmothers wore powder and pomatum, and had their hair dressed three times a week; going to bed in the cushioned structure, after suffering torture for some hours, lest they should, in the weakness of human infirmity, lean back in their chairs. Our great-grandmothers, too, had their white kid gloves sewn to the bottom of each sleeve, lest they should incur the calamity of a sun-burnt arm. Our great-grandmothers were afraid of cold water, and delicately *wiped* their faces with the corner of a towel no larger than a pocket-handkerchief. There were those amongst them who boasted that they had never washed their faces in their whole span of existance, lest it should spoil their complexions, but had only passed a cambric handkerchief over the delicate brow and cheeks, wetted with elder flower water or rose water.

A PLEASANT AND SUGGESTIVE EMPLOYMENT.

Verbatim Reporting.—Complaints are occasionally made by members of Parliament that their speeches are not reported verbatim. The plan of giving verbatim reports was once tried, and the result, as may be expected, was unfavorable in the extreme. The members set the public laughing from one end of the country to the other. Lord Castlereagh exhibited himself as "standing prostrate at the foot of Majesty," and as "walking forward with his back turned on himself." Sir Frederick Flood, one of the Irish members, and a great stickler for verbatim reports, appeared one morning as having, on the previous evening, enlightened the House with the following profound philosophy and brilliant eloquence: "Mr. Spaker, as I was coming down to this House, to perform my duty to my country and ould Irelint, I was brutally attacked, sir, by a mob, Mr. Spaker, of ragamuffins, sir. If, sir, any honorable gintleman is to be assaulted, Mr. Spaker, by such a parcel of spalpeens, sir, as were after attacking me, Mr. Spaker, then I say if you do not, Mr. Spaker, be after protecting gintlemen like myself, sir, we cannot be afther coming to the House of Parliament at all at all, Mr. Spaker. And, sir, I may be afther axing you, sir, what would become of the business of the country, Mr. Spaker, in such a case, Mr. Spaker?" This proved a complete extinguisher to Sir Frederick Flood's *penchant* for verbatim reporting. The day on which his oration appeared, he went to the editors of all the morning papers, and said that in future he would leave his speeches to the "discretion of the reporters."

Needle-Work.—There is something extremely pleasant, and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, *distinguishing women from men.* Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her 'kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humblest seamstress, keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts, than while so occupied.—*Hawthorne's New Romance.*

☞ A contemporary asks if we can throw any light upon kissing. We don't want to—the thing is done just as well in the dark.

☞ So long as men are imprudent in their diet and business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

Agricultural.

Gradual Dissolving of Stones, &c.—The soluble part of the soil is the inorganic food of the plants. Rain water cannot come in contact with the soil, or even with a gravel heap without dissolving some of it. Expose almost any stone, or handful of gravel, washed clean, to the action of a quart or so of rain water several days, and upon evaporating the water, it will be seen from the residue left that a portion has been dissolved. Now let these same stones be exposed, covered, or partly covered with water, in a cancer, to the action of frost, setting them out of doors for two or three cold nights, taking care that they thaw by day. Pour off the water, rinsing with fresh, and evaporate as above, and it will be seen that a very much larger quantity has come into solution. The reason is, that all stones being somewhat porous, by the action of the frost their outer portion is broken up, scaled and fissured, and a vastly greater surface is exposed to the action of the water, even though this fissuring is not visible to the eye. When land is exposed to alternate freezing and thawing, the same effect must take place.—*Scientific American.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY OF BUTTER-MAKING.

The following most lucid and intelligible statement of the science and art of butter-making, which is made by the proprietors of the patent of Fitch's "Pendulum Churn," is so interesting that we present it in full to our readers:—

"As we all know, butter exists in the form of minute balls or globules, each being enclosed in a sack or membrane-like covering. It is not the *material of which butter is made* that is contained in these little sacks, but *butter itself*, in a perfect state. While invested with their coverings, these globules float about in the milk, or rise to the top as cream, but cannot be made to adhere together. Before this can take place, the coverings must be removed. The effect of 'churning' is to remove them, thus liberating the butter, and then to bring them together into a mass. These facts are known to all intelligent dairymen. But now comes the error, namely, the supposition that it is of no consequence *how* the coverings of the butter globules are removed, and the contained butter liberated; that it is of no moment whether the butter globules are crushed or ground between hard surfaces, or burst by concussion from being dashed violently against hard substances, or by whirling bars, slats or rods rapidly through the milk or cream; or whether they are released from their investments in some more gentle manner. Now this is all a mistake. It *is* of the most essential importance, if we would have good butter, how the globule is divested of its covering; and we will state why.

"Butter being in the most perfect condition [illegible] covered with its natural investment, any change of that condition excepting the mere removal of this investment, whether from the temperature being raised too high, from the globules being crushed, mashed or broken down, or their natural conformation being in any other manner destroyed or to any extent altered, necessarily injures the quality of the butter. (This fact, hitherto entirely overlooked, is the discovery hereinbefore alluded to.) It is for this reason that too much butter is injured by being 'worked,' which is only a process of pressing the globules upon each other, and thereby crushing them out of their original shape and state into a compact mass, like lard. It is for this reason, also, that the modern contrivances for *grinding* milk and cream between metallic rollers or revolving disks, and all the quick-moving rotary churns, while they may 'bring the butter' quickly, injure its quality, making good grease rather than good butter. The best butter is said to have a 'grain.' What does this mean? Simply that the original globular formation of the butter has not been broken down, and just to the extent that it *is* broken down is the quality injured; the 'grain' disappearing, and the mass becoming 'greasy' and lard-like. The butter globule must not, then, be divested of its covering by any process which shall break down its original structure, if we would have good butter.

"What, then, is the true method of removing the coverings of the butter globules? We answer that it is to wear them off by the rubbing of the globules against each other and upon the fluid surrounding them; not by crushing or bursting them by grinding, pressing or striking them with or against hard substances, but by a continuous but gentle *agitation*, causing friction among the globules themselves.

"Another essential is that all the butter globules shall be divested of their coverings, as nearly as possible, at the same time; otherwise, some are too much 'worked' before the others are free, and some may not be liberated at all, and remain in the butter-milk."

The article goes on to say, that all these essentials are accomplished by the use of the "Pendulum churn"—but of this we know and say nothing.

Sprouting Seed Potatoes.—The Rural New Yorker gives an account of some experiments with potatoes, showing that "from a whole potato, as a general rule, only from two to four of the strongest eyes grew, the others remaining dormant—the eyes obtaining the first start appearing to have exhausted the nutriment in the potato before those slower in growing had got ready to claim their share. The same potato cut in two, three, or even four pieces, would give about the same number of shoots to each set, though the smaller the sets the weaker were the shoots. To these rules there were some exceptions, for occasionally most of the eyes in a whole potato would commence growth about the same time, and a good many small shoots would be the result, while sometimes a very small set would give one or two strong shoots."

Rain Water Not Absorbed by Leaves.—It has always been thought that the rain water which falls upon the leaves and stems of vegetables is gradually absorbed, and nourishes the plant. It appears, however, that this opinion is merely instinctive, and when tested by careful experiment, it proves unfounded, as is shown by a small paper lately published by M. Duchartre. For four years this author has endeavored to discover, by direct experiment, whether or no such absorption takes place. The plants submitted to these experiments were in pots, their stems and leaves being exposed to the rain, whilst the roots were prevented from absorbing any moisture, being hermetically closed up in the pot. All the plants submitted to this kind of investigation gave similar results; after remaining exposed to the rain, sometimes for eighteen consecutive hours, they showed no increase in weight; indeed, in some cases, they appeared to have experienced a slight diminution.—*London Photographic News.*

"A Small Farm Well Tilled."—Elihu Burritt, gives an account in the Homestead, of a visit to the farm of Wm. Birnie, of Springfield, Mass., a "small farmer," with only 50 acres of land, who yet keeps more stock and raises more grain and grass than many hundred acre farmers. Mr. B. says, "he keeps 32 head of cattle, three horses and several hogs, all fed from the produce. The past year he raised 4,000 bushels of roots—ruta-bagas, mangel wurtzel, and yellow turnips. Besides corn, oats, rye, and potatoes, he also grew $400 worth of tobacco. There is," adds Mr. Burritt, "no good reason to doubt, if the number of farms in Connecticut were doubled by making two of each, and concentrating the labor and manure now spread over 100 acres upon 50 acres, the production of the half would exceed that of the whole on the old system of agriculture." Mr. Birnie cuts and steams all the fodder for his stock, and thinks he thus effects a saving of 33 per cent. in the cost of wintering his stock.

How to Obtain a Constant Supply of Eggs and Chickens.—Hatch some Spanish and Cochin pullets in March or April, and some Dorkings in July. The early pullets will begin laying in October or November, and continue through the winter. The Spanish eggs will produce early chickens for the next spring, and the Cochin pullets will be willing to sit all through the winter. The July pullets will be active layers in the following spring, beginning about March. This plan seems to combine the requirements of constant supply of eggs, constant supply of sitting hens, and early birds for the table in the following spring. Of course there will be no difficulty in getting either eggs or chickens of any breed when winter is gone.—*London Cottage Gardener.*

Bit for Tapping Maple Trees.—A writer in the Ohio Cultivator, tells of a method of tapping maples, employed by some sugar-makers, which does much less injury to the tree than the common one. They tap with a tapering bit, without a screw or lip, making a smooth cone-shaped hole, from which *all* the sap runs out. They allege that the screw of the auger leaves a rough spot at the bottom of the hole, which is always the spot which first commences to rot, and from there spreads until it kills the tree.

Useful Receipts.

To Cook Shad.—With iron the shad should never come in contact. A piece of planed plank, two feet long and one foot wide, with a skewer to impale the fish upon it, are all the culinary implements required. A fire of glowing coals, in front of which the shad is planked, gives you a shad cooked as shad should be. Apicius himself could desire nothing more delicious.—*North American.*

To Detect Copper in Pickles or Green Tea.—Put a few leaves of the tea, or some of the pickle, cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Shake the phial, when, if the most minute portion of copper be present, the liquid will assume a fine blue color.

Stye on the Eyelid.—A correspondent sends us the following remedy, which she says she can vouch for:—Put a teaspoonful of black tea in a small bag; pour on it just enough *boiling* water to moisten it; then put it on the eye pretty warm. Keep it on all night, and in the morning the stye will most likely be gone; if not, a second application is certain to remove it.

To Impart Age to New Wine.—The French papers give a receipt from M. Peyen of a simple kind for effecting this object. Bottle and cork and seal your wine, and lay it in April or May upon the rakings of the hay field. Upon the first layer of bottles place another layer of the hay, and so continue the layer of hay and bottles alternate. Then water the whole and leave the hay to heat and ferment, and decay, and in three or four months your wine will have acquired a taste like that of two or three years old.

Exclusion of Damp from Brickwork.—It is said, that this evil may be obviated by the following simple remedy:—Three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap are to be dissolved in one gallon of boiling water, and the hot solution spread steadily with a flat brush over the outer surface of the brickwork, taking care that it does not lather; this is to be allowed to dry for twenty-four hours, when a solution formed of a quarter of a pound of alum dissolved in two gallons of water is to be applied, in a similar manner, over the coating of soap. The operation should be performed in dry, settled weather. The soap and alum mutually decompose each other, and form an insoluble varnish, which the rain is unable to penetrate, and this cause of dampness is thus said to be effectually removed. Another method was some time since described (as, by the way, the previous one was), at the Royal Institute of Architects. It consists of sulphurized oil as a varnish or paint, and is said to improve the color of brick and stone, as well as preserve them. It is prepared by subjecting eight parts of linseed oil and one part of sulphur to a temperature of 278 degrees in an iron vessel. It is said to keep out both air and moisture, and prevent deposits of soot and dirt, when applied with a brush to the surface of a building of brick, or stone, or even of woodwork.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 44 letters.
My 1, 34, 13, 18, 43, 26, 31, was a nymph beloved by Apollo.
My 2, 13, 39, 43, 28, 39, was a youth beloved by Mars.
My 4, 8, 40, 11, 32, was a celebrated hunter.
My 27, 19, 16, 28, 38, 13, was one of the three Gorgons.
My 14, 15, 29, 34, 30, 26, 21, is the god of wine.
My 10, 43, 7, 8, 2, is the goddess of flowers.
My 3, 12, 44, 31, 33, 19, 38, were nymphs of the mountains who accompanied Diana in hunting.
My 9, 40, 17, 18, 44, was a sea nymph, and mother of Venus.
My 5, 1, 32, 31, 19, was daughter of Acrisius, and mother of Perseus.
My 36, 1, 30, 28, 12, 32, was the father of Jupiter.
My 41, 24, 35, 20, 43, 28, 21, was son of Priam and Hecuba.
My 27, 23, 27, 28, 36, was the god of ridicule, who censured Venus herself on account of the noise made by her sandals.
My 6, 22, was the commencement of woe to the heathen deities.
My whole is an old adage. L. T.

Princeton, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 19, 3, 22, 14, 8, was a disciple.
My 13, 12, 17, 7, 21, is the goddess of love.
My 9, 5, 11, is a period of time.
My 18, 7, 15, is an instrument used in battle.
My 2, 10, 1, is worn by gentlemen.
My 4, 6, 20, 19, is to impede.
My 16, is a personal pronoun.
My whole is the best of its kind.

ROSA NEWBILL.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first can run very fast
Across the frozen snow;
'Tis seen when the wintry blast
Bends the elm and oak tree low.
It lurks around the darkest night,
While searching for its food,
And oft incurs the farmer's spite,
And chases his merry mood.

My next is used by young and old
When they walk or ride about,
In summer's heat or winter's cold
You seldom go without.
It keeps away grim winter's frost,
Bleak winds it does not shun,
And when these their power have lost,
It screens from summer's sun

In gardens of flowers and vines
My whole will likely be;
A plant which the florist defines
As fair as any you see.
With what you know, you can tell its name,
'Twill take but slight endeavor;
If you cannot, you have little claim
To say that you are "clever."

A. K. HOWERY

TRANSPOSITIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
As a whole, I belong to every object, large or small;
Erase my 1 and 2, I'm an animal known to all;
Transpose me now, and a vegetable call;
Erase my 3 and 4, a pronoun I will be;
Erase my 5 and 2, I will then be in a tree;
Erase my 1, 3 and 4, and I'm the *half* of thee;
Erase my 1, 4, and 5, and I denote surprise;
My 4 and 5 erase, transpose, a tree of middling size;
Erase my 1, transpose the rest, a pile will then arise. J. B. TRIGGLER.

Hardin Co., Ohio.

ANAGRAMS ON TRADES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Coe rake ham	Kick R Brass
Pen rat cer	No Sam
Mis S Hint	Hust Bee
Mark E Hoes	Near S T
Cant bam R	Ran Tom bake T
Pit Rren	Ran take mama
We are V	Rin to tees C
So rail	Ten pair
B C take in mare	Ride Bob Koon

New Texas. J. J. W.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sides of a triangle are 30, 40, and 50 yards, the longer side being regarded as the base. If a secant line, starting on the 40 side, at ⅓ distance from the apex, cut the shorter side at its half-way point, how far from the triangle will it meet the base produced? (Done without the use of Trio.)

Northfolk, Ky. M. DURANT.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A farmer sold 96 fowls, a part turkeys, and a part geese; he received $1.25 apiece for the turkeys, and 90 cents apiece for the geese, and for the whole he received $103 55. How many of each kind were sold to make this amount?

Wayne Co., Geo. JOHN W. HATCHER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When are a sweet apple and a sour apple a'ike? Ans.—When they are pared.

☞ Why is Berlin the most dissipated city in Europe? Ans.—Because it is always on the *Spree.*

☞ "What was the use of the eclipse?" asked a young lady. "Oh, it gave the sun time for reflection," replied a wag.

☞ Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same? Ans.—The postman.

☞ What means of conveyance by land, and what by sea, are ladies fondest of? Ans.—Buses and smacks.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—Much that is interesting. CHARADE.—Honest. (Ho! nest.)—CHARADE.—Welfare. ANAGRAMS.—Sullivan, Bradford, Wyoming, Luzerne, Monroe, Carbon, Lycoming, Columbia. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—1,794 miles. PROBLEM.—3628,344.